

Reader's digest

MOST READ
MOST TRUSTED
SEPTEMBER 2015

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**ALL THE CRITICS SAY "YEAH!"
THE REVIEWS ARE IN...**



SPECTACULAR CELEBRATION!"

Richard Ouzounian, Toronto Star

**"FABULOUS, FUNNY
& FANTASTIC!
DON'T MISS THIS ONE!"**

Jennifer Valentyne, Breakfast Television

**"ONE OF THE BEST
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***KINKY BOOTS* is crazy good."**

Steve Paikin, TVO

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Photos by Cylla Von Tiedemann



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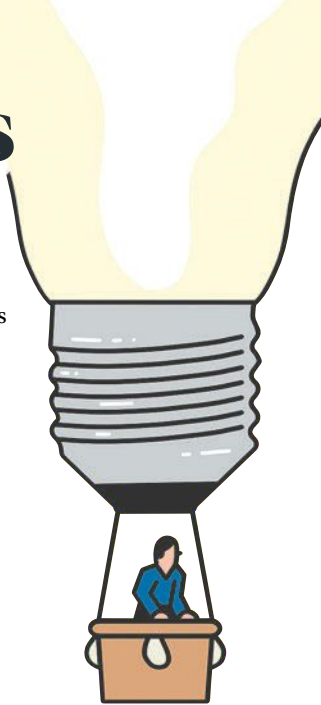
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BY LICHFIELD
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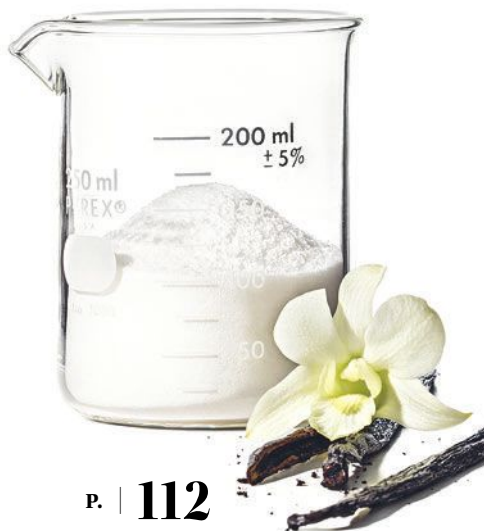
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Editor's Letter

Steps to a Nimble Mind



WHEN MY SONS WERE IN HIGH SCHOOL, they would sometimes complain about the amount of homework they were given. I'd reply that I had likely forgotten more facts in my lifetime than they had yet to learn in theirs. They didn't appreciate my lack of sympathy, but they got the point: keep at it, because there is a lot to learn.

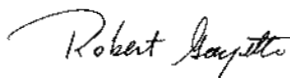
Today, when friends ask if I have thought about what I will do come retirement, I say I hope to travel and take Spanish and Italian classes. What I don't mention is that I would also like to learn about woodworking, electronics, mechanics, zoology—the list goes on and on.

Researchers say it becomes harder to pick up new things as we age, that our brains lose some of their plasticity, their ability to retain new information and retrieve it when needed. I'm fine with being slower when the time comes, but I am determined to maintain an active interest in the world around me for as long as possible.

Until then, I will follow the advice laid out by Danielle Groen and Katie Underwood in "Know Better" (page 70), a piece about the latest research on preserving and improving our ability to learn as the years advance.

Here's to keeping our minds in shape.

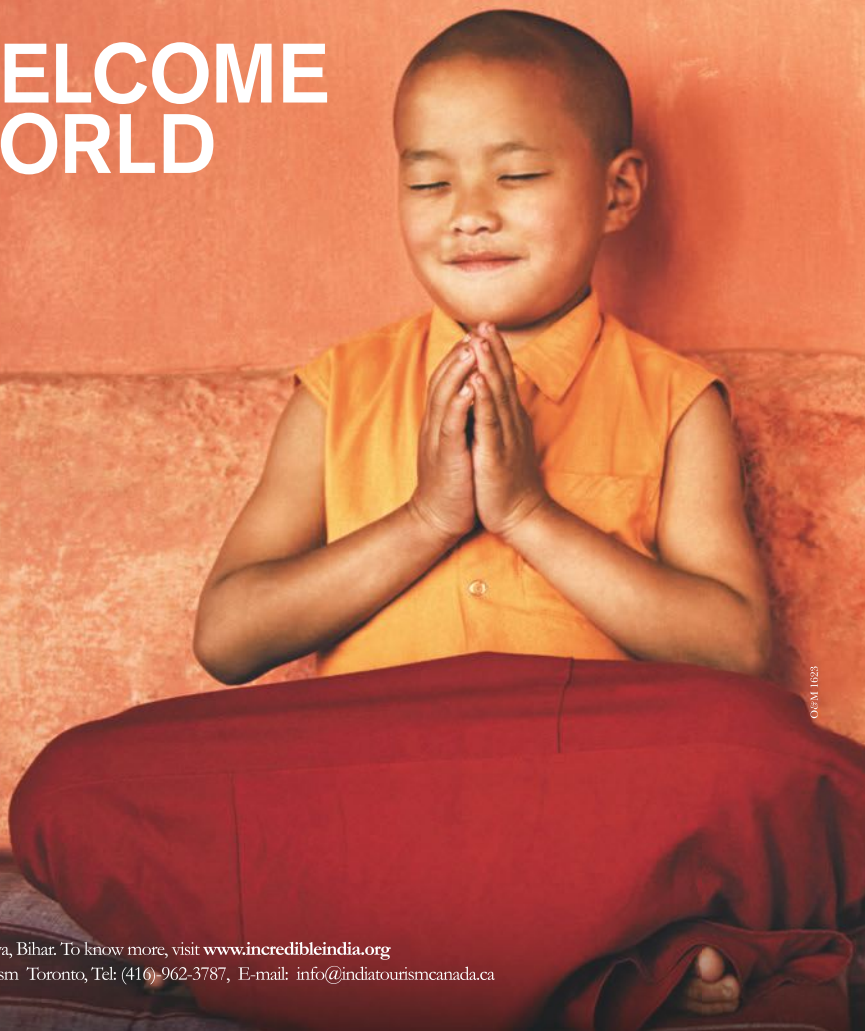
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Contributors



ANDRE MAYER

(Writer, "What, Me Worry?" page 27)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously**

published in *The Globe and Mail* and cbcnews.ca. **Worrying can be** beneficial. As a writer, I'm working to a deadline on a constant basis. My anxiety about finishing on time keeps me sharp. **I am not an** incessant worrier, but the most ridiculous thing that preoccupies me is that people will notice when my shoes don't match my belt.



ERICA LENTI

(Writer, "13 Things You Should Know About Confidence," page 125)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** *Maisonneuve* and *This*. **I have a tendency to** second-guess myself. Working on this piece has opened my eyes to some ways I can change that. **To boost the confidence** I do have, I surround myself with encouraging loved ones. When they are busy, dancing in my underwear also helps.



JENNY BONAR

(Illustrator, "The Effie Economy," page 106)

Home base:

Calgary. **Previously**

published in *Uppercase* and *Applied Arts*. **In my work, I aim** for warmth with textures and colour. I always use traditional painting methods to help convey that home-style look. **This story reminded me of** why our relationships within our communities are so important. I think we are more fulfilled together than we are on our own.



JASON GORDON

(Photographer, "A Fresh Start," page 12)

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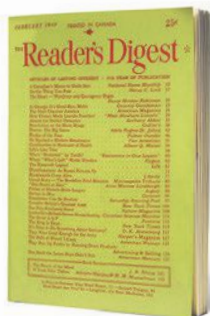
Toronto. **Previously**

published in *Forbes Magazine* and *The New York Times*. **On set I like** to fool around. Having your photo taken can be awkward, so you might as well have a good time! **My dream subject is** actor Patrick Stewart. His work on ending violence against women has helped many—and maybe I can get a photo of him holding a phaser, one last time.



Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



The first Canadian issue, February 1948.

THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND

Recently, I celebrated my 100th birthday with a wonderful gathering of friends, neighbours and four generations of family. A few days prior, the latest issue of *Reader's Digest* had arrived in the mail. I got to thinking about the many years I have been a subscriber and about the hundreds of issues I have enjoyed over that time.

I signed up with *Reader's Digest* when the English edition first came to Canada

in February of 1948. There was a big promotion: a lifetime subscription for \$35. In those days, \$35 was a lot of money. When I mentioned to a co-worker I had decided to go for it, he told me I wouldn't get my money's worth. Well, I guess I fooled him—and likely the *Reader's Digest* people, too—by living to be 100 (and counting)! I have received a copy of the magazine every month for more than 67 years. It was the best \$35 I ever spent!

Reader's Digest has gone everywhere with me—around the house, to the cottage, in the car on long drives. When I've finished with each issue, I pass it along to a local nursing home or hospital.

I have glaucoma now, but with the aid of magnifying glasses, I try my best to make my way through the magazine. I would dearly miss my faithful old friend if it didn't arrive in the mail every month.

VERA COX, Brampton, Ont.



EQUAL TREATMENT

Thank you for the article “Barbies or Cake” (May 2015). What the writer tries to teach her daughter is very true. I wish everyone would realize that the colour of a person’s skin doesn’t matter. We are all human and deserve respect!

DEE MILLER, *Cambridge, Ont.*

PARENTAL CONCERN

I love *Reader’s Digest*, but your recent article “Wheels of Fortune” (July 2015) disturbed me. I believe skateboarding to be a dangerous sport that can leave some of its participants injured and in chronic pain. I used to shudder every time I watched my son and his friends jumping off of high railings and

down flights of stairs, onto concrete. There was absolutely no shock absorption upon landing—just small, solid wheels on pavement. It doesn’t take a rocket scientist to see that this can be harmful to young bodies.

PATRICIA HAMILTON, *Vancouver*

TO THE LETTER

Since Robert Goyette became the editor of *Reader’s Digest*, the Editor’s Letter has been the page I look forward to the most. I always enjoy the variety of subjects he chooses and the way he writes about them with candour and intensity.

A year ago, I relocated from Montreal to Victoria. While many things have changed, one thing remains a constant—I still receive *Reader’s Digest* every month!

“Sweet Summer Memories” in the July 2015 issue was particularly touching, and I thank you for bringing back my own memories from long ago. I hope Mr. Goyette remains editor for many years.

CELINE LEVAQUE, *Victoria* **R**

Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

We want to hear from you! Have something to say about an article you read in *Reader’s Digest*? Send your letters to letters@rd.ca. Please include your full name and address.

Contribute Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader’s Digest*, we’ll send you a free one-year subscription. To submit, visit rd.ca/joke.

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The title of my auto-biography would be...

...What the Hell Was I Thinking?

SHERYL BULLARD BOOTS,
AMHERSTBURG, ONT.



...Gullible's Travels.

TAMARA SANDIN,
WHITE ROCK, B.C.



...Damaged Goods.

WENDY MAC ALONEY
BRUENS, TRURO, N.S.

...Fathers Can: Single Dad of Six Survival Guide.

ANDREW SWIFT,
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

...Don't Be So Nice.

NICOLE SEGUIN-ANDREIJEFF,
CALGARY

...Why Hairdressers Swear in the Staff Room.

BRENDA DEDRICK, LADYSMITH, B.C.



 Visit the Reader's Digest Canada Facebook page for your chance to finish the next sentence.

A man and a woman are shown in a close, romantic embrace, nearly kissing. The man is on the left, wearing a dark suit and a patterned tie. The woman is on the right, with long brown hair, wearing a white top. They are seated at a restaurant table with various items like a glass, a plate of food, and a bottle. The background is a rustic wooden wall with warm, bokeh-style lights.

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VOICES & VIEWS

DIY detergent creator Melissa Power wants everyone to have access to clean clothes

A Fresh Start

BY SARAH LISS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JASON GORDON

 **AS A SINGLE PARENT** raising a young boy in London, Ont., in the late 1990s, Melissa Power tried to ensure her son, Brett, never lacked for anything. Then in her early 20s, Power was fortunate enough to always have a job—at one point she managed a McDonald's franchise; at another she worked at a pharmacy. But even with a full-time salary, there often wasn't enough to cover food, rent and bills. Certain basics had to be put on hold to pay for other costs—one of Brett's soccer tournaments, for instance—and at times, clean

clothes were a “luxury” her family was forced to forgo.

“Laundry was something that shouldn't wait, but it did,” she says now. “I have never, ever forgotten that feeling of humility.”

More than a decade later, Power, 39, is happily married to Scott Boughner, a youth mentor. In addition to 19-year-old Brett, their brood includes six-year-old Charlotte and two-year-old Hunter. And although she's in a secure two-income household, Power says, “I still have the single-mom mindset: where can I cut costs?” ➡

Giving back is a family affair for Melissa Power, whose six-year-old helps grate soap for her DIY laundry suds.



That lingering frugality prompted Power to begin making all-natural laundry detergent (out of borax, washing soda, baking soda and grated soap), and reminders of her past inspired her to use the DIY product to help others. She started small: in the summer of 2014, she came up with the idea of holding a free event at a local laundromat, where people in the community could drop by and do a few loads using her homemade suds. After she posted the plan on Facebook, a friend connected her with Vince Clayton, the owner of PJ's in downtown London. He agreed to host the day—and waive his fee.

That August, Power launched the first For the Love of Laundry. “I had no idea what I was doing,” she says. “I made up posters on my computer and handed them out to Children’s Aid, Ontario Works, food banks, the Salvation Army and other social agencies.” The simple strategy worked: on the day of the event, two hours before PJ’s doors were set to open, there was a lineup down the street. Power kicked things off early, and the laundromat was packed for the next five hours.

Since then, For the Love of Laundry has become a monthly occurrence, taking place at various London-area laundromats. For many, the events—which attract an average of 50 people at a time—are

a vital resource. Rose,* a 60-something regular, has struggled with joblessness; she finds employers are often hesitant to hire older workers. Having access to proper laundry facilities, regardless of her economic circumstances, has been a boon—especially when she’s job-hunting.

“It was quite humbling to attend my first laundry event,” Rose says. Being unable to properly wash your clothes, she explains, can be mortifying. “I always feel ashamed and gross, and people look at me like I’m nothing. But when I get to do my laundry, I feel like a million dollars.”

The events have been equally transformative for Power, who’s parlayed her sideline into a full-scale social enterprise. In April, she left her job in a vet clinic to focus on running the business. She now sells For the Love of Laundry soap online, at farmers’ markets and in a local boutique, using the proceeds to help offset her expenses. (While certain laundromats and sponsors help cover costs, Power frequently pays for the events out of pocket.)

She wants to move toward a coupon-based system in the future, which would allow users to wash and dry on their own schedules; ultimately, she’d like For the Love of Laundry to go national. For now, though, Power is happy to be helping her own community, one load at a time. **R**

TIME FOR THE BACK-TO-SCHOOL CLEANOUT!



SCHOOL IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

Before the routine sets in and the weather gets cold, go through the kids' wardrobes. Sort what's outgrown and what's worn out. Then make a list of what you need for back-to-school shopping.

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Good n' Thrifty!

As Kids See It



"Is he going to check the eyes in the back of your head, too?"

MY THREE-YEAR-OLD grandson, Jonah, was visiting at the same time as a couple of our good friends. When one friend asked what the boy's name was, my grandson told him, "Jonah."

"Tell him your whole name,"

I prompted.

"Oh, no, Grandma," he said.

"That's my trouble name."

CAROL COMM, *Medicine Hat, Alta.*



AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

Q: What did one plate say to the other plate?

A: Dinner's on me.

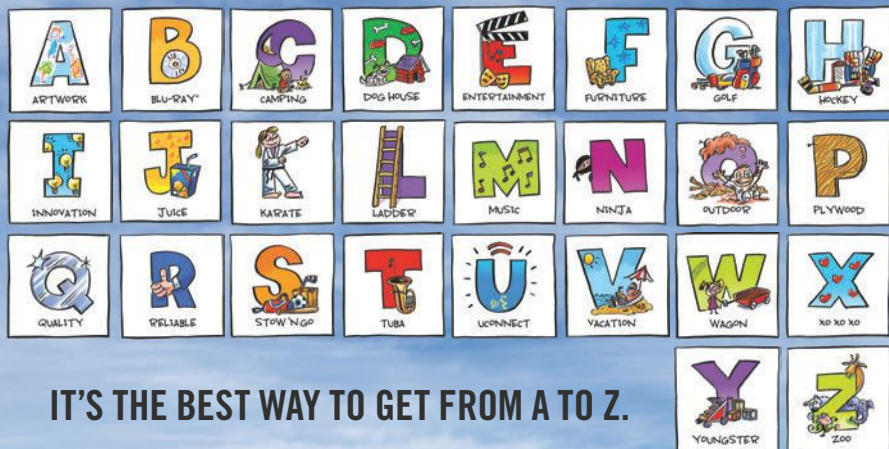
WHILE MY SON, Jonathan, 5, and I were walking through the Royal Alberta Museum, we came upon a recreation of caveman paintings. When I explained to him that the first humans communicated through drawings, he yelled out, "The world's first emojis!" **LORA BESTWIFE, Edmonton**

CLASSROOM FAIRNESS

I recently ran into an old student of mine, who said, "I always liked you. You never had favourites. You were mean to everyone."

LOIS HENRY, *via Internet*

Do your children make you chuckle? A funny kid story could get you a free year's subscription. See page 9 for details.



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Showman Alan Thicke on family values, reality TV and why America can't get enough of Canadians

Father Figure

BY SARAH LISS

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN

The new season of Unusually Thicke, the reality show and sitcom hybrid built around your family life, premieres this month. Would you say it's closer to I Love Lucy or Keeping Up With the Kardashians? We fall kind of in the middle—like a cross between Here Comes Honey Boo Boo and Curb Your Enthusiasm.

Though it owes a debt to classic sitcoms like, well, Growing Pains. Familiar sitcom devices were crucial to our concept: tell two stories in a single episode and have them intersect, peak in certain places and include elements of conflict and



resolution. It was important that one of us [on the writing staff] had paid his dues in sitcoms.

Your cred in that area is unimpeachable: you worked with Norman Lear.

I produced two Norman Lear series, I worked with him on a screenplay that never got made, and I wrote the theme songs for his shows *The Facts of Life* and *Diff'rent Strokes*. When my son Carter was applying to university, the most impactful letter of recommendation he sent in was written by Norman. All these years later, good relationships pay off.

You're both a star and an executive producer on the show. What's it like to produce your day-to-day life?

The biggest challenge is to be real, by definition of being a reality show, and to be amusing, by definition of being a sitcom. Beyond that, the toughest thing has been protecting the family. I don't want to embarrass my wife or my son or myself.

You grew up in Kirkland Lake, Ont.—not exactly a showbiz capital. How did you cultivate your taste for entertainment?

My grandmother, my mother and my father were interesting, funny people. They appreciated the entertainment business and had their favourite performers. So I was surrounded by that

kind of laughter and fun. I think enjoyment of entertainment in your environment is important—it doesn't matter whether you're in Kirkland Lake or West Hollywood.

Over the years, you've become one of Canada's most recognizable exports.

Why are Americans so fascinated with our culture?

One thing that makes us unique is the fact that, a generation ago, we were influenced not only by American sitcoms and movies but by British comedy. We saw Monty Python and Marty Feldman and Benny Hill long before the Americans did. There's a sense of absurd performance art we bring to comedy, to the great fascination of Americans.

You're also known as America's favourite dad. What lessons have you tried to impart to your three sons?

I don't have deep dark secrets or crazy behaviour patterns. The Jason Seaver character from *Growing Pains* and the *Unusually Thicke* character are pretty close to each other. If I could sum up what I hope they've learned: kindness, a work ethic, sincerity, love. I'm a pretty corny guy. Work hard and be nice. That would be on my gravestone. That would be my epitaph. **R**

The third season of *Unusually Thicke* premieres this month on Slice.



A cat fancier comes clean

My Love Letter to Boots

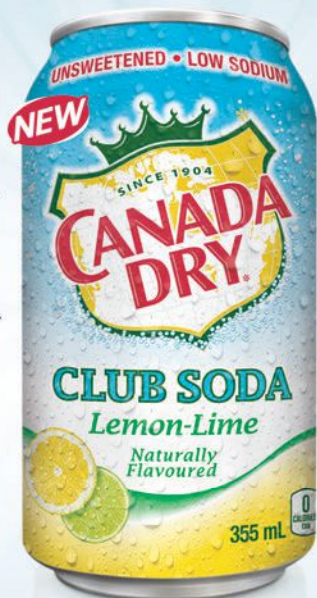
BY MONICA HEISEY FROM *I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT BETTER*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AGATHE BRAY-BOURRET

WE ALL HAVE TO ASK ourselves difficult questions in life. “Should I have said that to my boss?” “Will Damien ever forgive me?” “Was that milk actually expired?” “Does anyone want to hear about my

cat?” The answers to those questions are, respectively: no, yes, probably and definitely not. But guess what? This is my article, so here’s the truth: my cat is great, I love her so much, and you’re going to hear about her.

L **WHO'S** **IN THE CLUB** **K** **NOW**



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Her name is Boots, she's orange and white, and though I'm waiting on confirmation about this from a recent Cat Facts Institute/BuzzFeed official poll, it seems likely she's one of the top five fluffiest muffins in North America. A convenient thing about kitties is that, while they are not as blindly loyal as dogs, their temporary interest in you is just as easily bought with treats and the right kind of rubs. Buy this interest—it leads to purring. Cat snuggles feel so great precisely because cats make you work for it.

Of course, it's not all sweet bedtime cuddles. Boots is a barfer. She loves to barf. Second only to sleeping and being casually perfect, barfing is maybe her favourite activity. But she is a lady and often barfs discreetly—behind cupboards or under beds or, once, inside a mug on a high shelf—which means our life together is one long game of Find the Barf. I am bad at it. Yesterday

I found the barf on a windowsill, too late. It was very crusty. I spent 10 minutes cleaning it off, and when I went upstairs, Boots was

sprawled on my bedside table, having knocked all the objects on its surface to the ground, where they lay, splayed out beneath her. And you know what? I just rubbed her tummy for a bit because you can't be mad at a cat for not being a person. Animals are a bit gross and that's that.

In this vein, I recently bid farewell to the following: hair-free black clothes; hair-free lifestyle in general; sleep between the hours of 6 and 7 a.m.; peeing while not being stared at by a furry companion; keeping glasses of water or bracelets or basically anything on tables; a stress-free attitude

toward whether or not doors and windows are ajar; friends with allergies; suitcases used for any purpose other than as a cat bed; my dreams of being a hand model. But I can't stay mad at that baby.



“

***You know what?
You can't be mad
at a cat for not
being a person.
Animals are a
bit gross and
that's that.***

Well, I guess we've reached the part in the piece where I admit that I consider my cat my baby. It's just a classic literary device. Remember when Charles Dickens did it in *Great Expectations*? You remember, "Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all), she repeated, 'Love her, love her, love her! If she favours you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces—and as it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper—love her, love her, love her!'" That was about Bubbles, his elderly female tabby.

As with a good friend, so with a good cat: you don't have to stick to its original name. Sure, you took some time to think of the perfect moniker for your new buddy. You found the ideal combination of quirky/cute/winkingly allusive, and now you are the proud owner of Wes Anderson, the cat. Jem, the cat. Aunt Linda, the

cat. But I am sorry to tell you, that cat is gonna get called all kinds of crap, and you won't even realize until one day you are headed to the

bathroom and utter the out-loud-to-no-one phrase, "Hey, Booter-Beet, I'm going to pee. Wanna come?" At the moment I am using all of the following to refer to my girl B: Boots, Bean, Burger, Bean Burger, Beet, Booter-Beet, Bun, Bun Baby, Cat Head, Cheeseball, The Baby and Butt-bag. That list is not exhaustive. Cat life changes you.

I will not apologize for being a cat fancier. Nor will I apologize for Instagramming so many pictures of The Baby. The way I see it, I'm just giving the Internet what it wants: more cat content. The World Wide Web is basically a 50-50 split

of cats and porn, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Love you, Boots. Looking forward to cleaning your barf in the near future. **R**



***At the moment
I refer to my cat
as Boots, Bean,
Burger, Beet, Bun
and Cheeseball.
That list is not
exhaustive.***

Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

My second marriage, though far from perfect (how can it be when I'm a part of it?), has proven a calmer place than my first. Some part of this, I'm convinced, has to do with how much better I am at biting my tongue and pretending to be a good partner, even when I'm feeling not quite amazing.

Writer **LEAH McLAREN**, in *Chatelaine*

It feels like our story is validated at last and is out there for the world to see. We were too scared as children to speak out, so to give our testimonies to the commission was liberating and emotional.

CINDY TOM-LINDLEY, executive director of the *Indian Residential School Survivors Society*, after the Truth and Reconciliation Commission released its report on residential schools



I've been a stand-up comedian for 28 years, and not once have I been "heckled" with sexual threats. I also don't know of any other male comics who have been sexually threatened. Yet most female comics get that within their first week.

Comedian **BRENT BUTT**, on Twitter

PHOTOS: (BUTT) COURTESY OF OAKVILLE CENTRE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS; QUOTES: (McLAREN) MAY 25, 2015; (TOM-LINDLEY) *THE GUARDIAN* (JUNE 6, 2015); (BUTT) MAY 23, 2015.



I'm a working mother, and when I'm with my kids, even though I love it, I'm thinking about work. And when I'm at work, I'm thinking about my kids. It's a little more difficult to "have it all."

COBIE SMULDERS, star of *The Avengers*

It's a very tricky puzzle working in television... often the arc of your character hasn't been written yet. So it's tricky to make performance decisions that are not based on an entire arc set out before you... to make choices that don't shut any doors to potential character development.

Actress **JESSICA PARÉ**, in *Maclean's*

You should tell the people who just buy a pair of shoes to go with an outfit and then it [all] goes in the wastebasket to be ashamed of themselves.... That is wasted material, and with climate change, we cannot afford it.

SONJA BATA, founder of the *Bata Shoe Museum*

Where I'm from—Hearst, Ont.—you show up to tryouts and you make the team.

Philadelphia Flyers captain **CLAUDE GIROUX** on his early days of hockey



Canada's terrible record of commercializing its ideas won't change until we build proper infrastructure to help our entrepreneurs succeed on the global stage, where the real money is made.

JIM BALSILLIE, former co-CEO of *RIM*, in an editorial in *The Globe and Mail*

Getting rid of words is very seldom effective in getting rid of racism. Racism needs to be confronted head-on, looked directly in the eyes and kicked in the groin.

Aboriginal playwright **DREW HAYDEN TAYLOR**, reacting to criticism of his

use of the word "squaw" in the play *Spirit Horse*

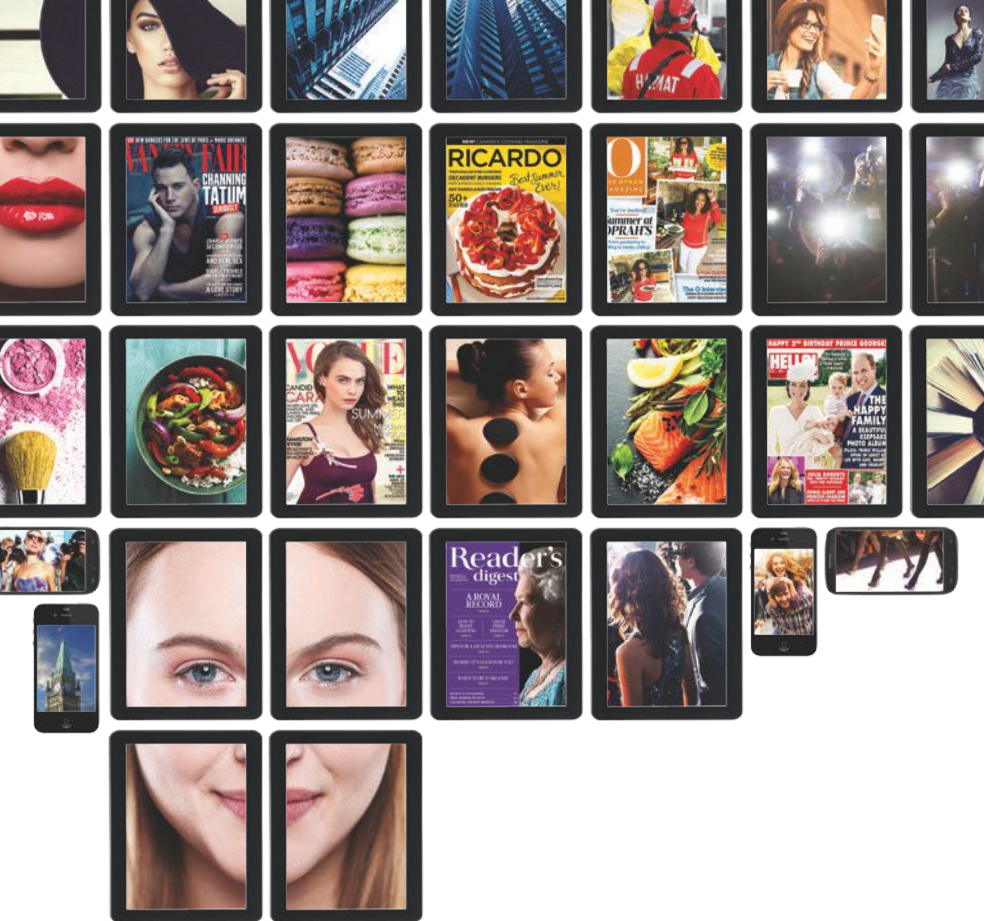


I like songs where there's a balancing act between noble sentiments and lost causes.

Musician **DAN BEJAR** (A.K.A. **DESTROYER**), in an interview on the music website Pitchfork



QUOTES: (SMULDERS) HOLLYWOODCHICAGO.COM (MAY 4, 2015); (PARÉ) MAY 10, 2015; (BATA) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (MAY 7, 2015); (GIROUX) *SPORTSNET* (MARCH 27, 2015); (BALSILLIE) MAY 8, 2015; (HAYDEN) MAY 17, 2015; (BEJAR) MAY 25, 2015



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ART of LIVING



Don't fret—your anxious feelings
can have positive results

What, Me Worry?

BY ANDRE MAYER

ILLUSTRATION BY ANJA JAVELONA

 OF ALL OUR MENTAL impulses, worry probably gets the least respect. We chide overly nervous people for being worrywarts; too much rumination causes worry lines.

It's true that fretting in excess can have significant side effects. Psychol-

ogists warn that abiding nervousness can lead to both fatigue and sleeplessness, even intestinal dysfunction. Acute anxiety can affect your focus at work or compel you to seclude yourself from others in the hopes of keeping your phobias at bay. In cases

such as these, counselling is likely your best option.

But recent research suggests worrying can also have some surprising benefits. It can help you identify deep-seated concerns and spur you to address them.

Tap into your triggers

To harness the productive power of this impulse, the key is to keep it in check. "As with other emotions, anxiety is something we have the ability to shape to some extent," says Charlie Kurth, an assistant professor of philosophy at Washington University in St. Louis.

One approach is to increase your self-awareness and notice physical manifestations of worry. Once you clue into what your body is telling you, you can try to disarm your anxiety—or, at the very least, better prepare yourself for a stressful situation.

Rather than focusing your energy on the fact that you're anxious, says Kurth, it's helpful to address the source of the anxiety itself.

Instincts help face threats

What most worries you? Is it danger to your family? Personal failure? Fiery death? The things that spark fretfulness are largely determined by

a person's experiences and general disposition, says Alexander Penney, a psychology professor at MacEwan University in Edmonton.

"You often need to know someone's entire life story, and especially key moments in their life, to know why they focus on the worries that they do," says Penney.

When something causes concern, it activates the amygdala (the part of the brain associated with emotional



Worry can help you identify deep-seated concerns and spur you to address them.

responses and decision making) and hippocampus (the area connected to memory consolidation). Maybe you've inadvertently walked into a dodgy neighbourhood, or you're at a party and just spotted your ex-

girlfriend. Your central nervous system may trigger the release of the stress hormone cortisol, causing your heart rate to spike.

It's unsettling, sure, but the first inkling of anxiety serves us well, says Kurth, because it can heighten our awareness of potential danger and force us to gather more information about the situation to better address the uncertain threat we face.

In that dodgy neighbourhood, you might try to find a better-lit, more populated area, or else flag a cab. At that stressful party, you might plan a stealthy escape or

devise a line of conversation that might make a run-in with your former flame less excruciating.

Fret more, live longer

Given its problem-solving benefits, worry may also be a sign of increased brainpower. During his graduate studies at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ont., Penney explored the connections between emotional disorders and intelligence. Using a sample group of undergraduate students, he and his colleagues found that those with higher verbal aptitude—a greater vocabulary and ability to articulate complex ideas—

tended to report higher levels of worry and rumination.

A 2012 study published in *Frontiers in Evolutionary Neuroscience* found a correlation between both high intelligence and anxiety and the depletion of the nutrient choline in one area of the brain, suggesting the two traits may have evolved in tandem. Lead author Jeremy Coplan told *Science-Daily* that worry may prompt many of us to avoid threatening situations, which likely means those people have a higher survival rate. So if you're a nervous Nellie by nature, take heart: it's possible all that worry may be a key to evolutionary success. **R**

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Tips on caring for those most essential of joints

Be Nice to Your Knees

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

 **KNEES HAVE AN IMPORTANT** job to do: they support the body's considerable weight while enabling a great deal of its movements. And as any structural engineer will tell you, it isn't always easy to combine strength and flexibility. Knees are among our largest and most complex joints, but they're also some of the easiest to damage. Problems in this area can lead to chronic pain, more frequent injuries and, ultimately, a loss of mobility. That's why keeping those joints healthy can make the difference between a good quality of life and a poor one, especially as we get older.

One way to give your knees love at any age is to strengthen the muscles that act like shock absorbers for them—namely the hamstrings (behind the thigh) and the quadriceps (in front of the thigh). Sammy Margo, a chartered physiotherapist based in London, England, also recommends working on your core and building up gluteal muscles (located around the legs and buttocks). “They basically steer, control and support the legs,” she explains. An exercise that works all of these muscles at once is stair climbing (or step-ups, which, as the name suggests, consist of stepping up



Depression is not a typical part of aging.

Depression is the most common mental health problem in older adults with up to 1 in 5 seniors experiencing symptoms. In long-term care homes that statistic increases to up to 40% of residents experiencing depression.



It often goes undetected and unmentioned.

Older adults are less likely to talk about feeling depressed. They may not be aware of the changes in their mood, thinking, and behaviour, or they may be ashamed of having mental health issues. It's important to realize that depression isn't a personal weakness or an inability to cope. And depression is not a typical part of aging. It's a medical illness that can—and should—be treated. Because without treatment, such as counselling, therapy and sometimes medication, it doesn't usually get better on its own.

Watch for the symptoms:

- Feeling sad, lonely or anxious
- Feeling guilty or having regrets
- Loss of pleasure from your favourite things
- Sleeping problems (too much or not enough)
- Problems thinking and focusing
- Less energy / feeling tired or slow
- Feeling unwell / more aches and pains / irritated
- Changes in eating habits or weight
- Thinking about suicide or death

Depression can be treated successfully when acted on quickly and properly.

Know the risk factors and triggers.

There's no single cause of depression, yet there are risk factors and stressful events that can trigger its symptoms:

- Family history
- Long-lasting illness that causes pain and disability
- Changes in the brain from illness (e.g., stroke, Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, lupus)
- Persistent sleep problems (too much or too little)
- Certain medications (e.g., corticosteroids, narcotics, benzodiazepines, progesterone)
- Loss of a loved one, separation, or divorce
- Caregiving for a family member with a serious health condition
- Moving to a smaller place, an apartment, or a nursing home
- Social isolation
- Financial crisis

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and down on a stair or a stool). Ascending a flight of stairs has the added bonus of being a low-impact activity, and one that helps with cardiovascular fitness.

Footwear can be a friend or a foe to your knees. High heels, for example, force the joints to endure approximately 25 per cent more pressure compared to going barefoot. When it comes to finding healthy shoes for everyday walking, look for cushioning and a good fit. Consider your foot shape: people with high arches might want extra padding to compensate for a lack of natural shock absorption.

An easy way to figure out what kind of arch you have is to wet your foot and step on a piece of cardboard. If most of your footprint is visible, you likely have low-arched feet, whereas

if only a bit of it shows up, you probably have high arches.

Finally, if your knees have already suffered some wear and tear—from arthritis, for example, or from past injuries—you might prefer low-impact

exercises for your fitness regimen. Swimming and cycling are great, as is Nordic walking—the trekking poles offer extra support, particularly when you're going downhill. **R**

6,000

The number of steps a day that lowers the risk of mobility issues in people who have or are at risk of knee osteoarthritis.

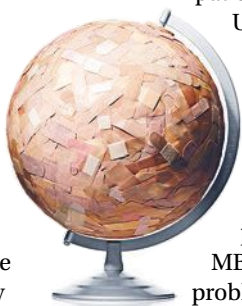
News From the World of Medicine

Mindfulness Therapy as Effective as Drugs

People who've suffered from clinical depression have a high risk of relapse, so they

normally stay on antidepressants for at least two years after they start to feel better. However, a study of 424 patients in remission, from the United Kingdom, found that a treatment called mindfulness-based cognitive therapy (MBCT) resulted in approximately the same success rate (between 53 and 56 per cent) as medication.

MBCT combines the rational problem-solving approach of



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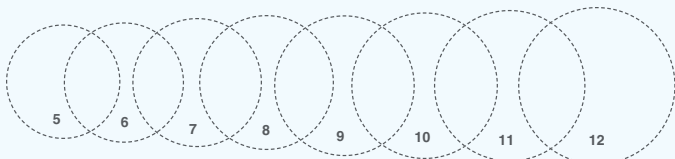


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cognitive behavioural therapy with “mindfulness” techniques designed to reduce stress.

Western Eating Wreaks Havoc on Colons

The typical Western diet is high in fat and low in fibre, while the foods consumed in certain African countries have the opposite qualities. In a study published in *Nature Communications*, Americans ate a South African-style diet for two weeks, while 20 rural South Africans ate like Americans. Even after such a short interval, the nutritional swap led to changes in the types of bacteria and the degree of inflammation in the bowels of each group. This may partly explain why residents of Western countries—including people of African descent—are much more likely to develop colon cancer than Africans are.

Use an Electric Bike, Cycle More

During a recent controlled experiment from the Institute of Transport Economics in Norway, cyclists who were given unlimited access to an electric bike doubled the distance they travelled by bicycle. While electric bikes can be pedalled like their non-electric counterparts, they also have a battery-powered motor that can be used for propulsion. They provide less exercise than an ordinary bicycle but still more than a car.

Menopausal Symptoms Last Longer Than Believed

A new *JAMA Internal Medicine* study of nearly 1,500 American women from a variety of genetic backgrounds suggests menopausal discomforts such as hot flashes and night sweats last for 7.4 years on average—and can sometimes continue for more than a decade. The researchers concluded that the medical community needs to develop safe longer-term therapy for these symptoms. **R**

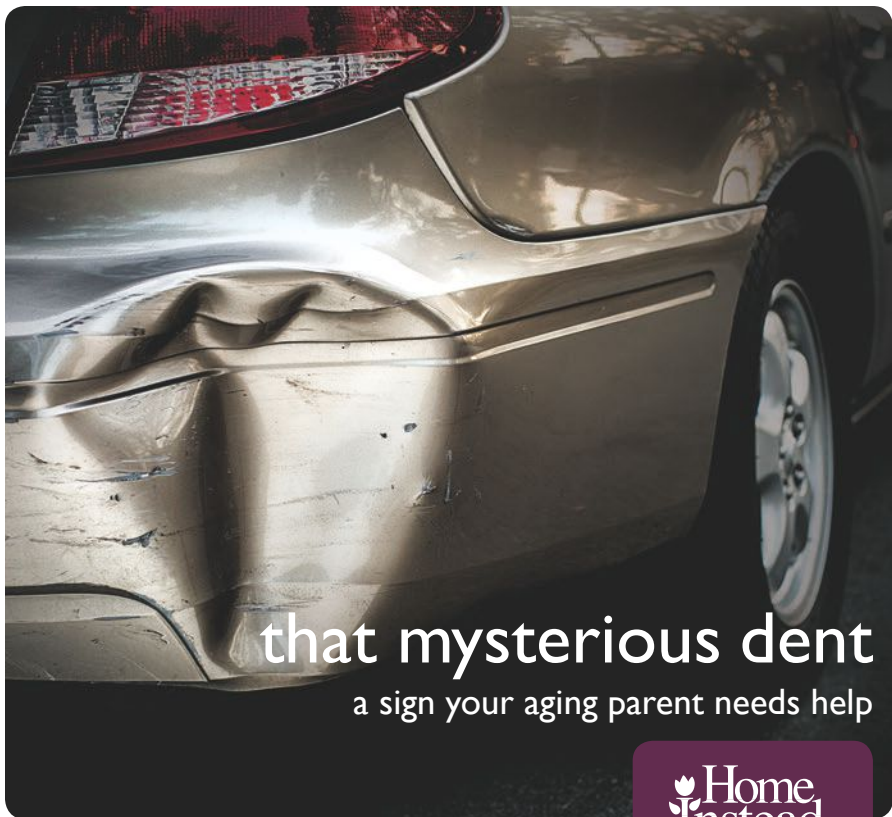


TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

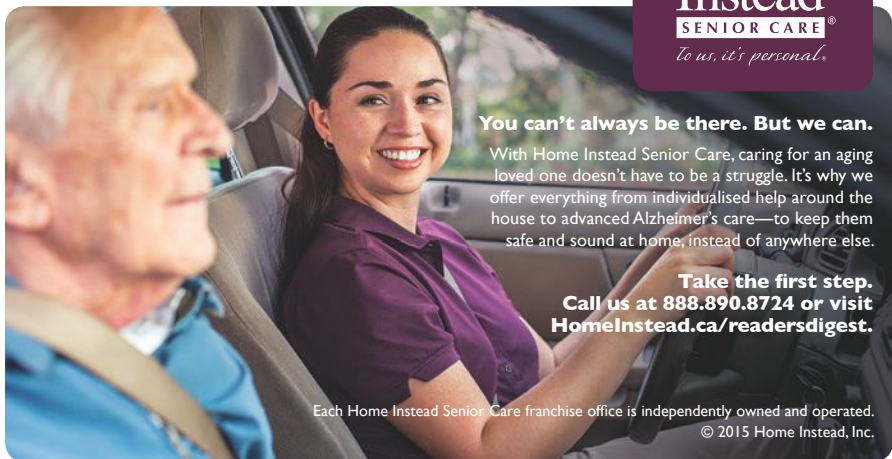
Adherence is the degree to which...

- A.** A doctor follows medical regulations
- B.** A patient keeps returning to the same doctor
- C.** A doctor keeps track of a patient's progress
- D.** A patient follows medical recommendations

Answer: D. Adherence is the degree to which a patient follows a doctor's advice. Blood-pressure medication regimens, for example, are known for poor adherence because many patients underestimate the risks of hypertension.



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Charting the rise of COPD

Out of Breath

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY WALKER

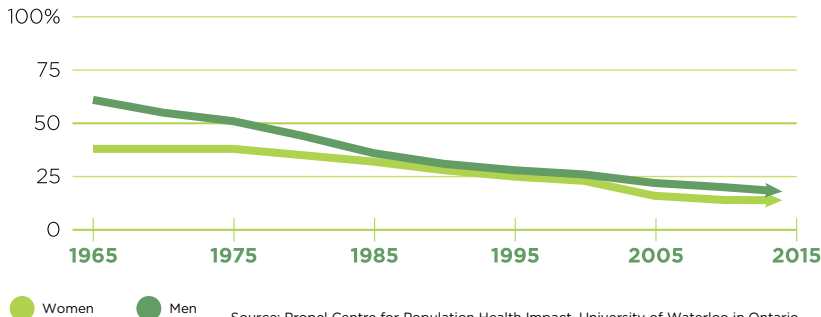


IN 1952, A NUMBER of publications (including *Reader's Digest*) reported on early evidence linking cigarettes and lung cancer. By 1964, the U.S. Surgeon General declared cigarettes a health hazard, kicking off a downward trend in the smoking rate that continues to this day. Only about 16 per cent of Canadians

currently have a habit of lighting up. But because of the long-term effects of smoking, we still face the public health aftermath caused by cigarettes in their heyday, when roughly half the population smoked. One major consequence is the increased prevalence of chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD).

THE SMOKING RATE

Canadian smoking rates have been declining since the 1960s. As such, there's been a levelling off in new lung cancer diagnoses, and a similar trend is anticipated for COPD over time.



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COPD is an umbrella term for chronic diseases that cause shortness of breath, coughing and mucus in the airways. Cigarette smoke is the principal cause in 80 to 90 per cent of COPD cases. Other risk factors include workplace exposure to certain dusts (e.g., inhaling coal or grain residue), childhood respiratory infections and a rare genetic defect that weakens the lungs.

These conditions progress slowly, increasingly affecting your breathing over time, and can eventually become fatal. The two most common types of COPD are chronic bronchitis, an inflammation of the lining of the bronchial tubes; and emphysema, which is when the air sacs in the lungs weaken and eventually rupture.

At last count, there were about 832,100 Canadians with COPD, a number that's been climbing since the 1950s. It's currently the country's fourth leading cause of death, after cancer, heart disease and stroke.

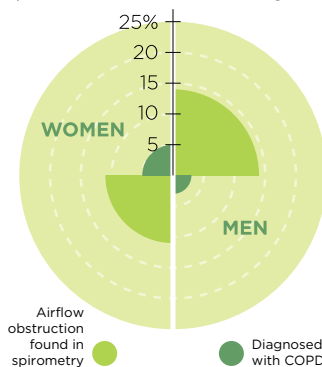
Women die from COPD at a disproportionately higher rate than men: the number of deaths each year is roughly equal between the genders, even though there have always been fewer female smokers. In recent years, COPD has rivalled breast cancer as a primary threat to the lives of Canadian women. Scientists suspect women are more vulnerable because their lungs are typically smaller and because estro-

gen may affect the way the body breaks down cigarette smoke, leading to a greater accumulation of toxic metabolites.

Studies suggest COPD is underdiagnosed and undertreated. This indifference may be related to the stigma around smoking. But many picked up the habit in their teens, some at a time when cigarette companies were still marketing to impressionable youth. Better public awareness of this disease could prevent more young people from following suit, so it's worth working to dispel the cloud of shame. **R**

AN UNDERDIAGNOSED CONDITION

The most reliable way to diagnose COPD is with spirometry, in which a machine gauges lung function. Here's a comparison between test results from a random sample of Canadians and people who have a formal diagnosis.



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Organic options
that should top
your shopping list

Clean Cuisine

BY ALEX MLYNEK
FROM *BEST HEALTH*

 **WHY BUY ORGANIC?** Food produced in this way tends to have a lower impact on the environment and is often grown under more conscientious conditions. It may also benefit your health. A meta-analysis of more than 300 studies published last summer in the *British Journal of Nutrition* found that food from organic crops contained, on average, 20 to 25 per cent more antioxidants and had lower levels of toxic metal and pesticides. The downside is that these products can be expensive. Knowing which organic foods offer the greatest benefits can help you tailor your purchases to your budget.

Blueberries

On the Shopper's Guide of the Environmental Working Group (EWG) (which ranks fruits and vegetables contaminated by pesticides from most to least), blueberries grown in the United States come in at No. 14, while imported ones land in 24th place. There's another reason to go green: "Organic blueberries tend to be smaller because they don't get as much nitrogen fertilizer," says Mary Ruth McDonald, research program director of plant production systems at Ontario's University of Guelph. There are more antioxidants in smaller blueberries.





SOMETIMES FOOD CAN REALLY SPEAK TO KIDS.

Moms just know.

Peaches

Both the EWG and the Canadian Food Inspection Agency (CFIA) have shown that peaches can carry multiple residues: the fuzzy fruit sits in second place on the EWG's "Dirty Dozen" list of pesticide-heavy produce. Since the organic version can be pricey at some times of the year, it's worth waiting until peaches are in season, when you may be able to find local—and cheaper—options.



Apples

The CFIA's latest report noted that apple crops contained traces of multiple pesticides, but the fruit nevertheless consistently stayed under the agency's maximum residue limit. It's worth choosing organic varieties of domestic and imported apples because we don't know the impact of multiple residues on our bodies.

Ralph C. Martin, Loblaw chair in sustainable food production and a professor in the University of Guelph's plant agriculture department, says it's an area in need of research. Rather than tracking arbitrarily set levels of one pesticide at a time, he says, we should be measuring "the cumulative and interactive effect of eating pesticides over time."

Bananas

Thanks to the protective peel, the edible part of a banana does not contain many pesticides. Nevertheless, traditional growing practices use large amounts of chemicals, putting the local environment and plantation workers at risk.

Beef

There are several reasons to choose organic beef. For one, the type of corn fed to conventionally raised cows is treated with neonicotinoid insecticides, which have been shown to kill bees and set off a cascade of environmental problems. Organic cows roam in pastures, where they eat grass and other plants, which, unlike corn, are what they're biologically designed to munch on. That diet is healthier for the animals and, according to recent research out of the University

of Toronto, makes the meat better for us. Scientists have found that, compared to their conventional counterparts, meat and dairy from grass-fed cows have a higher ratio of omega-3 to omega-6 fatty acids (the former reduces inflammation; the latter exacerbates it). Finally, because organic beef doesn't contain antibiotics or growth hormones, it's less likely to have been exposed to drug-resistant bacteria.

Dried herbs and spices

Read the labels on the herbs and spices in your pantry. If the ones you use most often are imported into Canada, consider buying them organic. Imported dried spices are often irradiated, says Sarah Ramsden, a Vancouver Island-based certified nutritional practitioner. "This increases the shelf life," she explains, "but it reduces the nutritional content of the food."

Potatoes

Although potatoes do score well when it comes to complying with the maximum residue limit, the CFIA reports that spuds have traces of multiple pesticides. "Potatoes have a few persistent pests," says McDonald. This may explain the need for chemical spraying. As is the case with apples, buying organic in this category is a good choice.

That's funny.



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Dairy

"Organic is a great option for dairy, especially butter," says Ramsden. Organic dairy cows spend part of their spring and summer outdoors, where they graze on grass and other greens; while in the cooler months, they are fed organic feed (which is better for bees because it doesn't involve the use of neonicotinoids). One hundred per cent grass-fed butter can be expensive and hard to find. Ramsden stocks up in the summer and early fall, closer to when cows have access to pasture, and freezes it for use throughout the winter. **R**

IT'S LIKE
THE ICING
ON THE ICING
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BOOK OF THE MONTH

Taking Flight

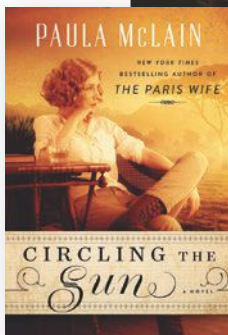
Paula McLain explores the life and loves of the infamous Beryl Markham in *Circling the Sun*

BY PAULA MCLAIN

REVIEW BY MARK HAMILTON

With her imaginative piece of historic fiction *Circling the Sun*, author Paula McLain dives into the world of real-life heroine Beryl Markham, whose notoriety stretched far beyond her record as the first woman to guide an aircraft across the Atlantic, in 1936. While Beryl's historic take-off and landing act as triumphant bookends, *Circling the Sun* is far more interested in the life and loves that came before her epoch-defining flight.

Raised in Kenya (or "Kenya before it was Kenya," as recited in a suspenseful truth-or-dare-style parlour game with powerful consequences),



384 pages, \$32 (hardcover)
Release date Jul 28, 2015

Beryl's earliest memories capture the coming of age of a strong-willed tomboy marked by fearless encounters with the unforgiving landscape and wildlife of Africa. Abandoned by her mother and left with her father, a racehorse trainer, Beryl lives for adventure. Spending her days exploring and hunting, the young Beryl dreams of a future as a warrior, gender roles be damned.

The 20th century, however, has dif-

ferent ideas, and Beryl enters an admirable life of revolutionary protest against the constraints placed on the women of her time. Fighting for her right to love freely, train prize-winning horses (at the time, strictly a man's pursuit), and later take flight over an unconquered, seemingly insurmountable ocean, Beryl provides McLain with a protagonist overflowing with character.

While Beryl's historic take-off and landing act as triumphant bookends, *Circling the Sun* is far more interested in the life and loves that came before her epoch-defining flight.

Told through even and evocative prose dappled with cinematic descriptions of Beryl's beloved Africa, *Circling the Sun* profiles an unforgettable trendsetter whose numerous accomplishments are well worth another look.

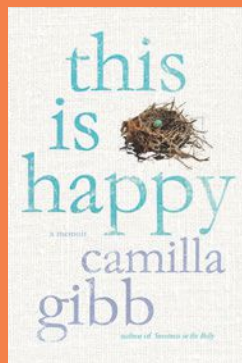
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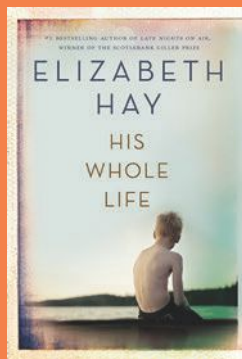
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An extraordinary memoir about grief, new motherhood and what it means to be a family.



A unique coming of age novel that is warm, wise, tender and touching from Giller Prize winner Elizabeth Hay.



Penguin
Random House
Canada

Acclaimed memoirist Ian Brown contemplates aging in *Sixty*

Mid-Life Sentences

BY SARAH LISS

 In February 2014, Ian Brown celebrated his 60th birthday by sharing a post on his Facebook page. Written earlier that morning, the note found the Toronto author and journalist reflecting on his feelings about reaching the milestone. In *Sixty: The Beginning of the End or the End of the Beginning?* he parlays that social-media monologue into his second memoir (it follows 2009's *The Boy in the Moon*, a moving portrait of his disabled son) and a broader look at mortality, longevity and legacy. *Sept. 22.*



This month's hottest books, music, movies and TV

 TWO YEARS, EIGHT MONTHS AND 28 NIGHTS

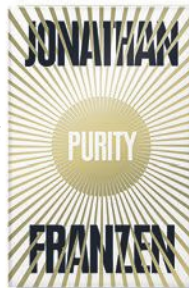
Salman Rushdie

Part fable, part speculative fiction, part magical realism, Rushdie's new novel is entirely enchanting: the award-winning author imagines a near-future New York overrun by mischievous genies. *Sept. 8.*



 PURITY
Jonathan Franzen

Drawing on his knack for depicting the squabbles and rifts of dysfunctional American families, Franzen details the shortcomings of a free-spirited young woman seeking out her long-lost father. *Sept. 1.*



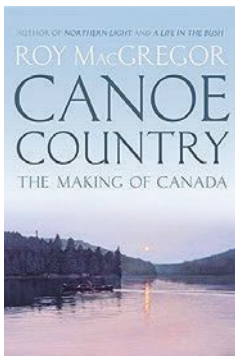
(RUSHDIE) © SYRIE MOSKOWITZ



CANOE COUNTRY: THE MAKING OF CANADA

Roy MacGregor

A master of Canadiana, MacGregor shares his own memories of paddling and portages in a chronicle of how canoes helped found—and continue to shape—our country. *Sept. 8.*



DEPRESSION CHERRY

Beach House

For this fifth studio album of lush, bucolic dream pop, the Baltimore duo adopts an increasingly minimalist approach—and adds a touch of whimsy in the form of a cover clad in red velvet. *Aug. 28.*



SICARIO

A recent contender for the Palme d'Or at the Cannes film festival, this nail-biter from Quebec director Denis Villeneuve stars Emily Blunt as a sparky agent recruited to help bring down a Mexican drug lord. *Sept. 18.*



WHY NOT ME?

Mindy Kaling

In her follow-up to 2011's *Is Everyone Hanging Out Without Me?* Kaling mines her neuroses for a collection of autobiographical essays about everything from Hollywood's rigid beauty standards to matters of the heart. *Sept. 15.*



EVEREST

A superb cast (Jake Gyllenhaal, Robin Wright and John Hawkes) and smart script elevate this real-life story above the typical action-adventure flick. Those with a fear of heights or extreme weather might want to steer clear. *Sept. 18.*



LOVE CHILD

This popular period drama about the goings-on at a Sydney hospital and home for unwed mothers in the 1960s aired in Australia last year; now the CBC brings the first season to Canadian airwaves. *Airing now.*

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READER'S DIGEST

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Get the
Crisp Finger
Sandwich
recipe
inside!



**Greek
Beef Pitas**

BREAD SERIOUS

**Grilled Italian
Sandwiches**

**APPLE-
GOUDA
MELTS**

UP YOUR SANDWICH GAME THIS MONTH WITH THESE CREATIVE RECIPES

Apple-Gouda Melts

Grilled cheese is a go-to meal in our family for an after-school snack, quick lunch, and even a fun treat on trips. These sandwiches are a grown-up version of something we all love.

—**CHERYLIN BIRKHOFF**,
MARYSVILLE, CALIF.

PREP / TOTAL TIME: 15 MIN.
MAKES: 6 SERVINGS

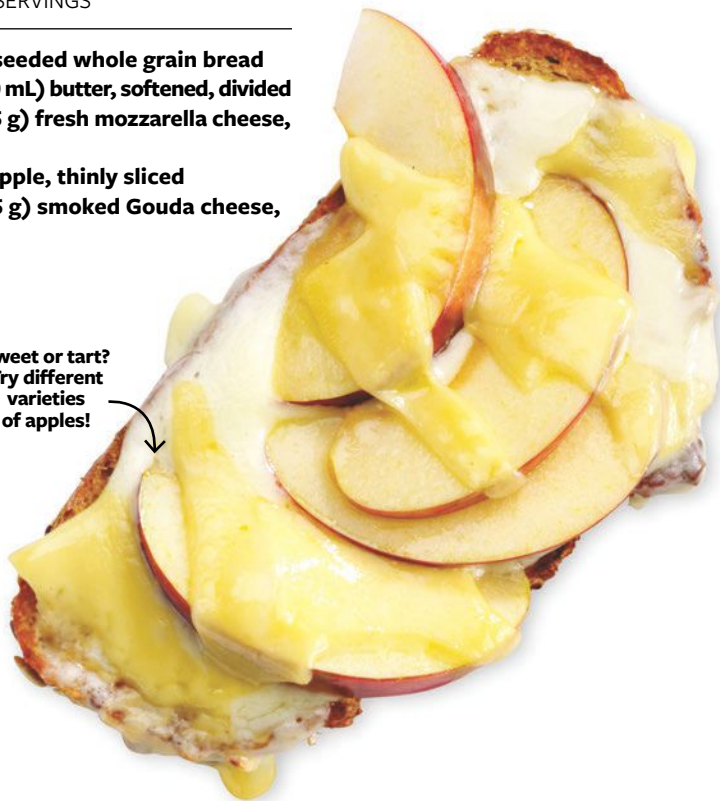
- 6 slices seeded whole grain bread
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup (50 mL) butter, softened, divided
- 6 oz (175 g) fresh mozzarella cheese, sliced
- 1 large apple, thinly sliced
- 6 oz (175 g) smoked Gouda cheese, sliced

1. Arrange bread on baking sheet; spread tops with half of the butter. Broil 4-6 in. (10-15 cm) from the heat for 1-2 minutes or until lightly toasted.

2. Turn bread over; spread tops with remaining butter. Layer with the mozzarella cheese, apple slices, and Gouda cheese. Broil 3-4 minutes longer or until cheese is melted.

NUTRITION FACTS: 1 open-face sandwich equals 332 calories, 22 g fat (14 g saturated fat), 75 mg cholesterol, 453 mg sodium, 18 g carbohydrate, 3 g fibre, 15 g protein.

Sweet or tart?
Try different
varieties
of apples!





Greek Beef Pitas

A local fast-food pita restaurant inspired me to make my own Greek-style sandwiches at home.

Add olives if you like.

—NANCY SOUSLEY, LAFAYETTE, IND.

PREP / TOTAL TIME: 25 MIN.

MAKES: 4 SERVINGS

- 1 pound (500 g) lean ground beef (90% lean)**
- 1 small onion, chopped**
- 3 garlic cloves, minced**
- 1 tsp (5 mL) dried oregano**
- ³/₄ tsp (4 mL) salt, divided**
- 1 cup (250 mL) reduced-fat plain Greek yogurt**
- 1 medium tomato, chopped**
- ¹/₂ cup (125 mL) chopped peeled cucumber**
- 1 tsp (5 mL) dill weed**

4 whole pita breads, warmed **Additional chopped tomatoes and cucumber (optional)**

1. In large skillet, cook beef, onion, and garlic over medium heat 8-10 minutes or until beef is no longer pink and vegetables are tender, breaking up beef into crumbles; drain. Stir in oregano and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp (2 mL) salt.

2. In small bowl, mix yogurt, tomato, cucumber, dill, and remaining salt. Spoon $\frac{3}{4}$ cup (175 mL) beef mixture over each pita bread; top with 3 tbsp (45 mL) yogurt sauce. If desired, top with additional tomatoes and cucumbers. Serve with remaining yogurt sauce.

NUTRITION FACTS: 1 serving (calculated without optional toppings) equals 407 calories, 11 g fat (4 g saturated fat), 74 mg cholesterol, 851 mg sodium, 40 g carbohydrate, 2 g fibre, 34 g protein.



Grilled Italian Sandwiches

I made this for a family gathering and everyone raved about it. It's a fun recipe to grill for a crowd and can be adjusted according to everyone's favourite sandwich fillings.

—TAMMY KRIZ, MARSHALL, MINN.

PREP: 30 MIN. **GRILL:** 10 MIN.

MAKES: 12 SERVINGS

- 1 small sweet yellow pepper, julienned
- 1 small sweet red pepper, julienned
- 1 small green pepper, julienned
- 1 tbsp olive oil
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp (0.5 mL) salt
- Dash pepper**
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (125 mL) butter, softened
- 1 tbsp (15 mL) prepared mustard
- 2 tsp (10 mL) chives, minced

- 1 garlic clove, minced
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp (1 mL) crushed red pepper flakes
- 1 loaf (18 oz or 560 g) Italian bread, unsliced
- 6 oz (175 g) provolone cheese, sliced
- $\frac{1}{3}$ lb (170 g) hard salami, thinly sliced
- 6 oz (175 g) cheddar cheese, sliced
- $\frac{1}{3}$ lb (170 g) deli roast beef, sliced

1. In large skillet, sauté peppers in oil just until tender. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Meanwhile, in small bowl, combine butter, mustard, chives, garlic, and pepper flakes.

2. Cut bread into 1/2-in. (1 cm) slices, leaving slices attached at the bottom. Cut loaf through the two centre slices, separating loaf into two halves. Cut off and discard end slices. Place each loaf on heavy-duty foil coated with cooking spray. Spread butter mixture between every other slice. Alongside buttered slices, insert cheese, meat, and peppers, using provolone cheese and salami in one loaf and cheddar cheese and roast beef in the other.

3. Wrap each loaf tightly in foil; place on grill rack. Grill, covered, over indirect medium heat for 8-10 minutes or until cheese is melted. Using a serrated knife, separate sandwiches. Or, to bake sandwiches: Bake foil-wrapped loaves at 350°F (180°C) for 20-25 minutes or until cheese is melted.

NUTRITION FACTS: 1 sandwich equals 364 calories, 23 g fat (12 g saturated fat), 65 mg cholesterol, 862 mg sodium, 23 g carbohydrate, 2 g fibre, 17 g protein.



CRISP FINGER SANDWICH

I love snacking on this delicious sandwich with its crisp English cucumber. I have also made batches of these for parties and showers, using a small party loaf of whole wheat or sourdough bread.

—MELISSA SELIN, BOTHELL, WASH.

PREP / TOTAL TIME: 10 MIN.

MAKES: 1 SERVING

- 1 slice whole wheat bread, toasted
- 2 tbsp (25 mL) reduced-fat spreadable garden vegetable cream cheese
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup (75 mL) thinly sliced English cucumber

3 tbsp (45 mL) alfalfa sprouts
Dash coarsely ground pepper

1. Spread toast with cream cheese. Top with cucumber, sprouts, and pepper.

NUTRITION FACTS: 1 sandwich equals
136 calories, 6 g fat (3 g saturated fat),
15 mg cholesterol, 323 mg sodium,
13 g carbohydrate, 2 g fibre, 7 g protein.

*Send your
recipes!*

**CALLING ALL
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at tasteofhome.com/submit.



On September 9 at 5:30 p.m.
GMT, Queen Elizabeth II
becomes the longest-reigning
ruler in British history.

In honour of that milestone,
a truly Canadian look back at
highlights from her 63 years,
218 days on the throne.

Mighty *Monarch*

BY STÉPHANIE VERGE

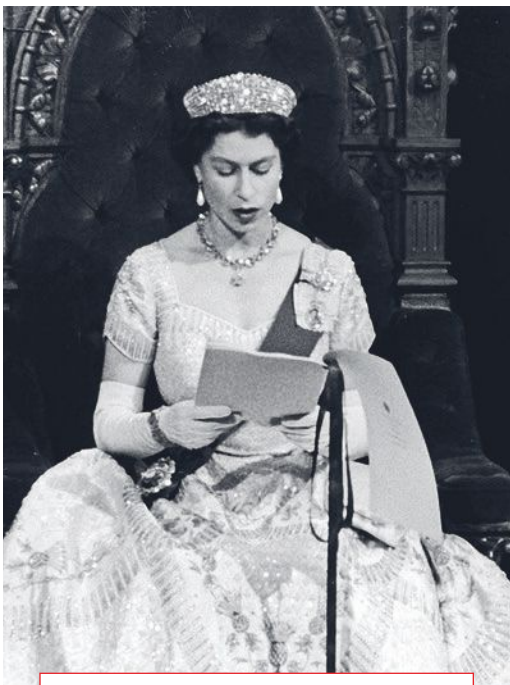
1952 LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

Princess Elizabeth is at a fishing lodge in Kenya with her husband of four years, Prince Philip, when she learns her father, King George VI, has died in his sleep at the age of 56. Suddenly finding herself Queen and head of the Commonwealth, she immediately boards a plane back to England.



1953 THE CORONATION

On the day that 27-year-old Queen Elizabeth is officially anointed and crowned, 900 members of the Canadian Forces are among the military guarding the parade route or taking part in the procession to Westminster Abbey. Back in Canada, "God Save the Queen" has been translated into French for the coronation festivities so Quebec royalists can join in.



1957 A FIRST CANADIAN TOUR

Though the then-princess had travelled across Canada with Prince Philip in 1951, her first visit as Queen comes six years later. In Ottawa, she declares Parliament in session and becomes the first reigning monarch to make the Speech from the Throne.



JUST LIKE GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA



Queen Victoria:

JUNE 20, 1837-JAN. 2, 1901 (23,226 DAYS, 16 HOURS AND 23 MINUTES).

Became Queen at 18.



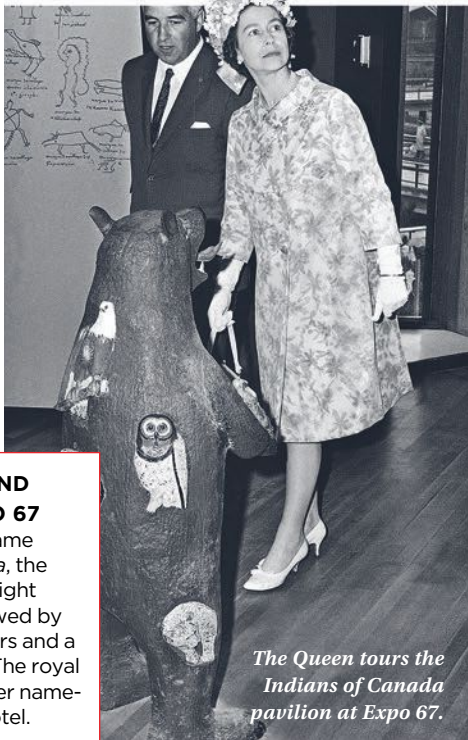
Queen Elizabeth II:

FEB. 6, 1952-PRESENT (23,226 DAYS, 16 HOURS, 24 MINUTES AND COUNTING).

Became Queen at 25.

1959 THE OPENING OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

In Canada for a whopping 45 days (her longest tour on record), QEII visits all of the provinces and territories. She takes the opportunity to officially open the St. Lawrence Seaway to commercial traffic—in the presence of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower.



The Queen tours the Indians of Canada pavilion at Expo 67.

1967 CANADA TURNS 100 AND THE WORLD COMES TO EXPO 67

Arriving at Montreal's Île Notre-Dame by sea on the royal yacht *Britannia*, the Queen and Prince Philip head straight to the Great Britain pavilion, followed by lunch at the Canadian headquarters and a tour of the exhibition by minirail. The royal couple later spends the night at her namesake digs, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel.

Though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown, that I have reigned with your loves.*
I say to you that it is my wish that in the years before me I may so reign in Canada and be so remembered.

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, 1957

*Lifted from a 1601 speech by Queen Elizabeth I

THE LONG GAME

During the Queen's six-plus decades on the throne, there have been seven popes, 11 Canadian prime ministers and 11 governors general.

DEEP SPACE TRANSMISSION

The Queen and her communications team released 32 messages and statements in 2013, one of which was addressed to superstar spaceman Chris Hadfield:

13 MARCH 2013

I AM PLEASED TO TRANSMIT MY PERSONAL BEST WISHES, AND THOSE OF ALL CANADIANS, TO COLONEL CHRISTOPHER HADFIELD AS HE TAKES COMMAND OF THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION ON WEDNESDAY. OUR THOUGHTS AND BEST WISHES ARE WITH HIM AND THE ENTIRE CREW, AS ARE OUR PRAYERS FOR AN EVENTUAL SAFE RETURN TO FAMILY, FRIENDS AND FELLOW CANADIANS.

ELIZABETH R.*

*The R stands for "Regina," Latin for "Queen"

1976 THE MONTREAL OLYMPICS

In July, the Queen opens the Olympic Games in Montreal. It's a family affair: her daughter, Princess Anne, is a member of the British equestrian team. (More than three decades later, Princess Anne's daughter, Zara, will follow in her mother's footsteps and compete at the 2012 London Olympics.)

1982 CANADA GAINS IRREFUTABLE INDEPENDENCE

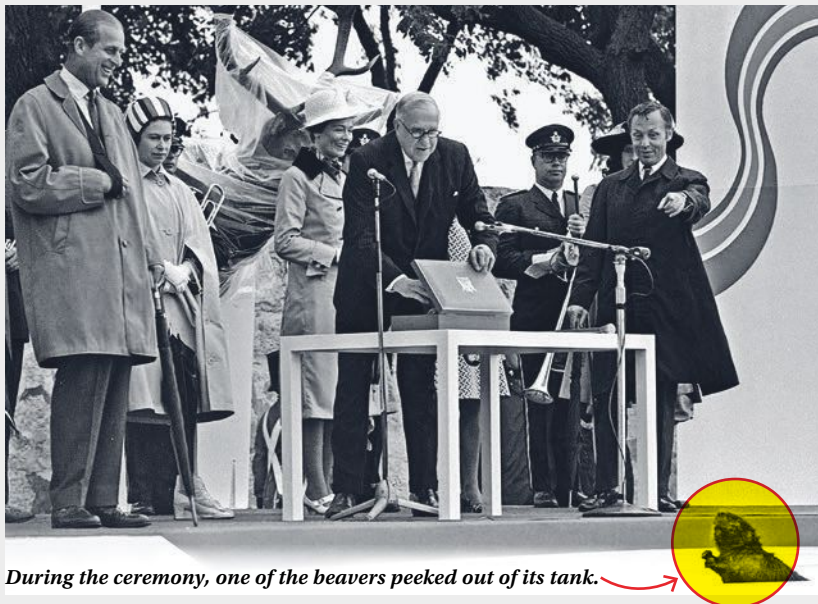
With a beaming Pierre Elliott Trudeau at her side, Queen Elizabeth signs the proclamation of the Constitution Act in Ottawa. With this document, Canada now has the power to amend its own constitution without appealing to the British Parliament.



RON BULL/TORONTO STAR/CP

A SOVEREIGN'S SWAG

Accepting presents big and small during state visits and life milestones is just part of the job. Here, some of the notable gifts given to QEII by Canada.



During the ceremony, one of the beavers peeked out of its tank.

In the 17th century, the Crown granted the Hudson's Bay Company the right to exploit resources around Hudson Bay. The fee? Two elk skins and two black beaver pelts to be presented to the British royalty during a so-called Rent Ceremony upon visits to Canada. On July 14, 1970, in Winnipeg, rather than offer Queen Elizabeth the animals in their customary form, HBC gave her **two live beavers** that hammed their way through the proceedings. The frisky pair was later placed in the care of the London Zoo.

A committed equestrian, the Queen—who still rides at the age of 89—has been presented with several horses over the years. Between 1969 and 1986, at the annual Trooping the Colour ceremony, she rode a **black mare named Burmese** given to her by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

In addition to horses, corgis and dorgis (a breed she introduced that's a cross between a corgi and a dachshund), the Queen has a passion for jewellery. A wardrobe staple: the **Williamson Brooch**, fashioned from a pink diamond given to her by Canadian geologist John Thorburn Williamson as a wedding present. Williamson later offered her 203 white diamonds from his mine in what is now Tanzania, and the whole was used to form the jonquil-shaped bauble.

1994 FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA

Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip kick off a 10-day coast-to-coast visit in Nova Scotia, then travel cross-country to the Commonwealth Games in Victoria. They also make a quick trip north to Rankin Inlet to watch Inuit dancers before flying to Iqaluit, Nunavut.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom, Canada and Her other Realms and Territories, Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith

2002 FACING OFF AT CENTRE ICE

During her Golden Jubilee tour, the Queen wins over sports fans when she drops the ceremonial puck at a game between the Vancouver Canucks and San Jose Sharks. Hockey royalty Wayne Gretzky and Cassie Campbell look on.

2010 HER FINAL TOUR?

In year 58 of her reign and visit No. 22 to Canada, Queen Elizabeth fetes the navy's centennial, the country's 143rd anniversary and the dedication of the Canadian Museum for Human Rights in Winnipeg. Less auspicious in hindsight: during a walkabout of the Waterloo, Ont., headquarters of tech firm Research in Motion, she is gifted a white BlackBerry Bold.



"I'm going home to Canada tomorrow."

WHEN LEAVING CALIFORNIA FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1983

Payday loans are a lifeline for low-income
Canadians—but at what cost?

CASH- STRAPPED

BY CHRISTOPHER POLLON FROM *THE WALRUS*



IN APRIL 2014, I met Mark Collins and Sarah Ferdinand* in McBride, a mixed-income area in New Westminster, B.C. Both Collins, 40, and Ferdinand, 34, are on government disability. Ferdinand was laid off from her call-centre job when the company closed eight years ago; physical ailments have hindered her ability to work since then. Collins, who has trouble walking, hasn't been employed since 2007.

Like more than 96 per cent of Canadians, they have a bank account—a requirement for the direct deposit of their monthly disability cheques, which total just over \$1,500. But their lifeline is the Money Mart near where I met them. At this payday-lending store, the couple take out small short-term loans on an ongoing basis, at annual percentage rates in the triple digits. Such advances are designed to tide customers over until their next paycheque arrives, at which point the entire debt is settled. In exchange for preauthorized debit for the principal, plus fees, clients in B.C. can walk away with up to 50 per cent of their next paycheque in hand.

In practice, that's not always how it works. For Collins and Ferdinand, the last five years have been spent on the payday-loan treadmill—a metaphor that conjures the image of a gerbil on a wheel. Typically, each \$100 to \$400 they borrow triggers a crisis. They are able to pay the money back, plus fees—\$23 for every \$100 loaned—at the end of the month, but they must borrow more to eat and pay rent. Their

strategy is to taper down the amount reborrowed each month, pay it in full and combine their GST cheques with money from their families to eventually settle the debt entirely.

They are among the more than 198,000 British Columbians who took out a combined 858,000 payday loans in 2014. Every year, more than two million Canadians turn to such businesses. Since payday lenders first appeared in Canada in the mid-1990s, at least 1,770 storefront operations have sprung up across the country. A market exists for these services—particularly small loans ranging from \$100 to \$1,500 that can be turned around quickly and without a conventional credit check. But in serving this market, are payday lenders preying on vulnerable, low-income Canadians?

USING FUTURE PAYCHEQUES as collateral for loans dates back at least to the American Civil War, when shady entrepreneurs followed Union armies, advancing funds to impoverished soldiers in exchange for a cut of their earnings to come. Around this time,

salary lenders appeared in the United States, providing advances at annual rates exceeding 500 per cent a year. Beginning in 1906, the Canadian government passed usury laws that protected consumers. Banks began to lend cash, and consumer-finance companies granted modest loans, charging interest of 28 to 35 per cent annually.

The boom that followed the Second World War changed the way everyone thought about borrowing. “Most of our grandparents grew up in a time when you had to be fiercely independent and look after yourself,” says Scott Hannah, president and CEO of the Credit Counselling Society, Canada’s largest not-for-profit debt-counselling service. “These lessons were not passed on.” In the span of a generation, many Canadians went from relying on savings for emergencies to relying on credit.

In the 1980s, with the popularization of credit cards, which were much cheaper to administer, North American banks largely abandoned small loans. For those who could not access conventional credit, something new emerged. In 1991, James Eaton of Johnson City, Tenn., a veteran of the credit-bureau business, opened a retail store called Check Cashing Inc. While his principal business was cashing paycheques without the delay of a bank hold, Eaton started offering small loans and accepting future paycheques

as collateral. Then, as now, the service was not geared toward the very poor. It has always been marketed to low- and moderate-income households—albeit those with minimal savings and limited access to credit.

Canada’s era of payday lending began in 1996, when Pennsylvania-based Dollar Financial Group Inc. (now known as DFC Global Corp.) bought Edmonton chain Money Mart. Founded in 1982, Money Mart had grown to more than 180 outlets across the country by that point. Between 1999 and 2005, the number of payday-loan outlets increased by 149 per cent in Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg.

The industry thrived in a regulatory vacuum. Successive federal governments refused to enforce a 1980 usury law that made it a criminal offence for lenders to charge more than 60 per cent annual interest. Hannah calls the period between 1996 and 2007 the “Wild West” era for payday lending in Canada. “We saw that the annual interest rates charged in many cases were at or near 1,000 per cent,” he says. Credit cards must present interest as an annual percentage rate, or APR, which represents what borrowers would owe if they didn’t pay their debts for a year. Payday loans can be confusing. A \$23 fee on a \$100 two-week loan seems to indicate an interest rate of 23 per cent, but in credit-card terms, it is close to a 600 per cent APR.

When regulations finally arrived, they were prompted by disgruntled customers. One day in 2002, a Vancouver courier named Kurt MacKinnon complained to a legal secretary at boutique law firm Hordo & Bennett—now Hordo Bennett Mounteer (HBM)—about the fees charged at the lenders he used, including Money Mart. “If Money Mart’s practices were unlawful, as alleged, then it was likely that the practices of the entire industry were unlawful,” says HBM’s managing partner, Mark Mounteer.

In January 2003, the firm launched a class-action suit against every payday lender in the province. The Supreme Court of British Columbia rejected this approach but allowed HBM to pursue actions against individual companies. In 2005, the firm dropped all defendants except for Money Mart, which had become Canada’s biggest payday lender. This was the first of at least 25 class actions the firm spearheaded. The basis of the suits was always the same: fees charged in excess of the Criminal Code interest limit of 60 per cent were illegal.

Regulating the industry meant convincing the federal government to alter the section of the Criminal Code

that made payday loans illegal. Bill C-26, which received royal assent in May 2007, changed the Criminal Code to exempt payday lenders from criminal sanctions, provided that provinces enacted their own regulations. Seven provinces have introduced legislation; New Brunswick is taking steps to do so. (Newfoundland, Quebec and the territories have not followed suit.)

Collins and Ferdinand were part of the first class-action suit, against

Money Mart, which was settled in 2010 for \$24.75 million. They were pleased to hear they’d get more than \$400 back, but soon learned that the settlement would be split. The first part would be paid out in cash, with an option to get the other half immediately—as Money Mart vouchers. To receive

the second payment in cash, they would have to wait three years. In July 2013, the couple walked into the local Money Mart. They argued for half an hour, but came out with a cheque.

ON A FRIDAY NIGHT in March 2013, Tamara Vrooman, the president and CEO of Vancity, Canada’s largest community credit union, went undercover to a payday-loan store in Vancouver, prompted by internal research that

“
Within a generation, Canadians went from relying on savings for emergencies to relying on credit.

suggested 15 per cent of members were using the service. The visit made her realize how varied the industry's clientele is, and she came to see the demand for payday services as an opportunity. Vancity designed a short-term loan at interest rates akin to a credit card—in this case, a 19 per cent APR. It would require a credit check and income, but a member could pay it back over two to 24 months.

In March 2014, Vancity launched Fair & Fast, which offers sums between \$100 and \$2,500. In the program's first nine months, the credit union provided more than 700 loans, saving clients an estimated \$1 million in interest and fees that would otherwise have gone to payday lenders.

Efforts like these need to ramp up, says Jerry Buckland, a professor in Winnipeg and the author of *Hard Choices: Financial Exclusion, Fringe Banks and Poverty in Urban Canada*. Buckland believes mainstream banks need to do more to help the people who line up for payday loans. A disproportionate number of bank branches have closed in lower-income urban Canadian ar-

eas, he notes—presumably “because they have found these branches to be marginally or not at all profitable.”

For its part, the Canadian Bankers Association (CBA) disputes the idea that low-income Canadians are underserved. All those who meet the criteria can access cheaper credit options. But higher-risk cases often don't qualify—which may lead them to turn to payday lenders. “We are in the business of making loans to people who will pay them back,” says CBA's president, Terry Campbell.

When he lost his call-centre job in 2007, Collins's life changed. Although he had been with his bank for nearly 30 years, he felt abandoned after he became unemployed. When we spoke in early February of 2015, his tone was upbeat—until I asked about his plan to be debt-free. He and Ferdinand had been able to pay Money Mart as hoped, but in January, their computer had crashed and they'd needed \$100 for repairs. With no other option, they had gone back to borrow more. “It wasn't a big deal for us,” he said. “When we get our tax return in April, we'll use that to pay them off, and that will be that.” **R**

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SHORT SUMMARY

In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on.

ROBERT FROST

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

ONE NIGHT, WHILE WE were out for supper at a Mediterranean restaurant, my sister-in-law had a question about one of the appetizers. When the server showed up to take our order, she asked, "Where do you get your mussels?"

The young waitress blushed, looked sheepishly at her biceps and quietly answered, "Cross-training?"

DAN GRABKE, *Yellowknife*

MY GRANDMOTHER started walking five miles a day when she was 60. She's 97 now, and we don't know where the hell she is.

Comedian **ELLEN DEGENERES**

THE EASIEST TIME to add insult to injury is when you're signing somebody's cast. *Comedian* **DEMETRI MARTIN**

I ALWAYS BRING my wife morning tea in my pyjamas, but is she grateful? No. She says she'd rather have it in a cup. *Comedian* **ERIC MORECAMBE**

I KNEW I WAS destined to be a psychologist and not a magician when I pulled a habit out of a rat.

reddit.com



THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD

BY CAROLYN TAYLOR

I think it's time for me to cut back on the therapy. The other day, someone cut me off in traffic and made a rude gesture. I leaned out the window and yelled, "Who are you *really* angry at?"

Watch Carolyn Taylor in the upcoming all-female comedy Baroness von Sketch Show, airing on CBC in the summer of 2016.



Do you find laughter therapeutic? Send us an original joke, and it could mean a free year's subscription for your household. See page 9 or rd.ca/joke for details.

HAVE SOME FUN. LAUGH A TON.

(our underwear makes bladder leaks feel like no big deal)



Absorbs faster than Depend* to help you feel comfortably dry.

Get laugh-all-you-want protection, with Always Discreet for sensitive bladders. Because hey, pee happens. For **coupons and your free sample,[†]** go to **[alwaysdiscreet.com](https://www.alwaysdiscreet.com)**.

So bladder leaks can feel like no big deal. *always*
discreet

*among Maximum Large. Depend is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Worldwide. [†]while supplies last.

From lowering the radio volume to snacking on fish, the latest research on how to improve your ability to learn

Know Better

BY DANIELLE GROEN AND KATIE UNDERWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAM ISLAND





Chowing down on fish can pump up your brain

Millenniums ago, humans were doing pretty well for themselves, but it's when they settled around the basins of large rivers that civilizations really started to flourish. Think of ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, the Indus Valley: "Humans got much smarter and more sophisticated when they lived closer to rivers," says Dr. Cyrus Raji, a resident radiologist at UCLA.

So it's not entirely surprising that in a 2014 study published in the *American Journal of Preventive Medicine*, Raji and his colleagues discovered consuming fish can actually enhance the physical size of the brain. Examining 260 subjects in their late 70s with no cognitive defects, the researchers found that the hippocampus—the learning centre of the brain—was 14 per cent larger in those who ate baked or broiled fish on a weekly basis than in those who did not. The omega-3 fatty acids contained in fish also improved the performance of neurons in the brain's frontal lobe, an area that is crucial for executive functions like short-term memory and task planning.

"If you have neurons that are bigger, stronger and can make better connections to other neurons, they're going to be able to do their job more effectively," Raji says. Plenty of seafood is rich in omega-3s—you can complement your salmon with oysters, trout and even sardines. Fish may be the secret to heftier brains, but variety remains the spice of life.



It's possible to become a virtuoso at any age

If you dream of appearing onstage at Carnegie Hall but worry that a lack of childhood cello lessons has thwarted your musical ambition, some good news: researchers at the University of Chicago have determined that absolute, or "perfect," pitch—the ability to identify and reproduce a note after hearing it—may be learned into adulthood.

It's often assumed that early musical training is necessary to encode notes or scales in our brains. But according to senior researcher Howard Nusbaum, a psychology professor at the University of Chicago, "We may not be so limited to these narrow biological windows." In fact, adults with a higher auditory working memory (that is, an innate knack for

remembering sounds in general) significantly improved their ability to recreate near-perfect notes during simulations in Nusbaum's lab. This finding refutes earlier theories that suggested perfect pitch is an innate quality. "The most important way to become a better musician at any age is to practise playing music," Nusbaum says, "but having perfect pitch won't hurt."



Writing longhand trumps typing on a keyboard

Though advances in technology have encouraged us to veer away from such old-fashioned analog techniques, when it comes to absorbing new information, jotting things down by hand is markedly more effective than pounding away on a keyboard.

According to findings published in the periodical *Advances in Haptics* and co-authored by a researcher at Norway's University of Stavanger and a neurophysiologist from France's Aix-Marseille University, the physical act of writing—not typing—activates both our brain's sensorimotor and language centres. That element of motor memory is involved in

recognizing the words on a page by sight—possibly meaning that the note you're making will leave a lasting visual impression in your brain.

Writing "Pick up chicken breasts" on a paper grocery list also takes longer than, say, tapping a chicken emoji on your smartphone, and that time differential could have an effect on retention as well. Your Grade 3 teacher may have been onto something when she made you write lines.



Even the hardest of hearts can be taught how to melt

In all likelihood, you've had a less-than-pleasant encounter with a narcissist at some point. Notoriously selfish and vain, people with this personality type are known for their inability to feel empathy. But there's hope for them yet! In 2014, researchers at England's University of Surrey and University of Southampton developed an encouraging workaround for those who lacked compassion: encourage them to adopt the perspective of the sufferer.

When lead researcher Erica Hepper and her colleagues showed subjects a video of a woman describing her experiences of

physical violence, watching alone failed to trigger an appropriate response. But when they prompted participants to put themselves in the woman's shoes, even those who scored as "high narcissists" expressed genuine concern and sympathy. So the next time a callous acquaintance refuses to see your side of things, take heart: it appears that, with a little guidance, even the least tender among us can improve their empathetic abilities.



Tetris can make you a better driver

In May 2013, a study out of Montreal's McGill University revealed that playing Tetris can improve the amount of information older adults could take in without moving their eyes or heads (known as useful field of view, or UFOV).

After six 90-minute sessions over three weeks, participants improved their UFOV and quickened selective attention (the ability to focus on one piece of information in a larger field of data) by nearly 72 milliseconds. That's a nice boost, since improved UFOV has been associated with better task performance—especially behind the wheel. Researchers saw similar results after participants

played the war-themed *Medal of Honor: Rising Sun*, but organizing a bunch of falling blocks seems more soothing than blasting bad guys away.



A varied gait may help you relearn how to walk

After a traumatic brain injury, the smallest tasks, from feeding oneself to walking, can seem like Herculean endeavours. But certain findings suggest that a few simple steps—literally—might help affected parties get back on their feet.

In a study from Baltimore's Kennedy Krieger Institute and Johns Hopkins University, subjects were asked to alternate their regular walking patterns with more complicated ones—by exercising on a split-belt treadmill. Participants who were exposed to belts that alternated between moving at the same speed and different speeds were able to resume their movements more easily than counterparts whose belts consistently moved at different speeds.

So if you find yourself in a situation where you're trying to relearn basic movements, the key may lie in random alternation. This information should be a boon to those engaged in post-traumatic physical rehab.



Ditching cigarettes can mend brain matter

Add this to the laundry list of reasons smoking is terrible for your health: the habit can affect the part of the brain that's crucial for conscious learning. In a major study released in February 2015 by Scotland's University of Edinburgh and the Montreal Neurological Institute at McGill University, researchers analyzed recent MRI brain scans of more than 500 subjects, all of whom had been examined as children in 1947. They discovered that smokers had a demonstrably thinner brain cortex than those who had refrained from lighting up.

"The cortex is involved in everything that requires higher-order cognition: attention, mathematical reasoning, logical reasoning, our capacity to juggle a lot of concepts at once," says lead researcher Sherif Karama, assistant professor of psychiatry at McGill. "[In old age,] smokers end up with a lower level of cognitive abilities than non-smokers, even when you account for initial IQ."

But not all is lost: if a person ditches the cigarettes, the cortex can begin to repair itself. "For every

WENDY SUZUKI ON HOW EXERCISE CAN BOOST OUR BRAINS

1. The hippocampus is critical for learning new concepts; it's also one of only two brain structures where shiny new neurons are born in adulthood. Aerobic exercise not only stimulates the burst of new brain cells, but more neurons survive when you exercise.
2. The hippocampus has also been implicated in imagination. When you strengthen that structure through exercise, you enhance a core component in the act of creativity. You start thinking outside the box more.
3. Increased exercise improves our attention. If you can't focus, you may not be able to remember how to perform a new skill.
4. You don't need to be a triathlete. In some subjects, eight weeks of moderate exercise twice a week was enough to elevate mood and activate their brains.
5. You can broaden your notion of what constitutes exercise. Walking up the street is aerobic. Dancing to your favourite song is aerobic. If you really want to be practical, speed housework is a great workout, and you'll be done faster.

Wendy Suzuki teaches at New York University and is the author of *Healthy Brain, Happy Life*.

JEOPARDY! WHIZ ARTHUR CHU'S TOP FIVE MEMORY TRICKS

1. Practise tasks in an environment that's as similar to the real situation as possible. (If you play along with *Jeopardy!*, stand up, have a buzzer in your hand and wait until the end of the clue to answer.)

2. Mnemonic devices are helpful in cementing memory, though it's ideal to practise enough that you no longer have to rely on them.

3. If you've memorized things in a certain order or structure—like a list—switching that up can improve your recall.

4. Strong mental images can help cement information in your head. Whenever I need to remember the name of someone I've just met, for example, I make up a dirty joke in my head involving their name to ensure I'll remember it the next time around.

5. Rituals and habits—like tying a tie and driving a car—stick in our brains much better than facts. If a pattern of behaviour becomes automatic, you can rely on your reflexive actions much more than if it's something you have to think about.

Arthur Chu, an American culture writer, appeared on *Jeopardy!* in 2014. He won nearly \$400,000 in total and was known for his haphazard method of question selection.

7,000 cigarettes you smoke—that's roughly one pack a day for a year—you need to have stopped smoking for almost a year for that area to recover," Karama says. "But if people quit for long enough, their cortex does appear to come back to where it should be for their age."



Getting caffeinated may boost long-term memory

Mainlining espresso will keep you *very* alert, but recent research suggests that it'll also help your long-term memory. In 2014, scientists from Johns Hopkins University published the results of a test in which participants were given either a placebo or 200 milligrams of caffeine—about as much as one strong cup of coffee—once they finished studying a series of pictures. The next day, after being shown more photos, the caffeinated group fared much better than their non-jittery peers at recognizing details that were similar (but not identical) to the old series.

That skill—known as pattern separation—suggests “a deeper level of memory retention,” researchers said. So the moment you learn something new, consider making a beeline for Tim Hortons.



Mental photographs could cement new words

Conventional wisdom (and Hooked on Phonics) suggests that the best way for reluctant readers to improve their skills is to phonetically spell out smaller segments of what's on the page. But according to a study published in *The Journal of Neuroscience* earlier this year, the key to how our brains absorb new words may be purely visual.

Researchers at the Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, D.C., worked with 25 people who were shown a collection of 150 meaningless groupings of letters and asked to commit them to memory. Initially, participants responded to the gibberish as, well, gibberish. But using fMRI scans, the scientists discovered that after subjects spent time learning the information, the area of their brains that corresponds to visual word forms became activated—they began interpreting the “words” as though they were words.

In a statement released by Georgetown University, Maximilian Riesenhuber, the senior author of the study, suggests that this information may mean humans respond less to phonemes than to actual shapes.

“The visual word-form area does not care how the word sounds, just how the letters of the word look together,” he says. The take-away: rather than spending time sounding out various syllables, it may make more sense to take a mental photograph as you find out the meaning of your newly acquired noun, adjective or verb.



Turning down the radio can turn up your recall

Kids today may be able to simultaneously text, update Facebook, post photos on Instagram and talk to friends in person, but older adults pay big time for multi-tasking in ambient noise.

A recent study out of the Georgia Institute of Technology demonstrated the dulling effects of blaring music on our recall—senior-citizen participants remembered 10 per cent fewer names when prompted with faces by scientists. Our associative memory already tends to decline with age, but throw some background beats into the mix and our brains get seriously muddled. Though classical music and smooth jazz may help you relax while reading, they're not going to make things any easier when you're trying to remember whether your sister's brother-in-law is Brent or Bruce. **R**

When the Tsonas family boarded a Greek ferry for a vacation, they never dreamt they would end up fighting for their lives

SHIP DOWN

BY KATHERINE LAIDLAW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JANET REIDMAN

*Natasa Tsonas,
at home on
Corfu, is haunted
by her ill-fated
voyage at sea.*



I HAVE TO SAVE MY FAMILY! The thought looped around and around as Natasa Tsonas stared at the burning wreckage. She stared at her two sons, Dimitri, 14, and Sempastian, 11, who were shocked into silence; she stared at the panic on her husband Nassos's face. But she couldn't breathe, couldn't shake the feeling that she was being choked. And she couldn't move, either. Frozen, Natasa stood on the upper deck of the ship she'd boarded four hours earlier and braced for an explosion.

It was pitch-black on the top level of the *Norman Atlantic*, the kind of middle-of-the-night darkness where it's impossible to make out anything more than a metre away. All black, save for the balls of fire blasted across the sky by the cold wind. Flames rained down around Natasa, her family and the hundreds of people who were screaming, crying and shoving their way to the top of the ship—and, they hoped, to safety. Natasa recalled the movie *Titanic*, in which children were rescued first and adults were governed by principles, even when faced with death. But that night—December 28, 2014—she saw only chaos. The car ferry transporting her family from Igoumenitsa, Greece, to Ancona, Italy, was burning up in the middle of the Adriatic Sea with 499 people on board, and it was utter pandemonium.

THOUGH NATASA WAS BORN and raised in Toronto, she began spending summers visiting friends and their

families on Corfu once she turned 17. It was during her fourth sojourn on the Greek island that she met Nassos Tsonas. She initially brushed off his advances, but his persistence eventually won her over (it didn't hurt that he was tall, dark and handsome). When Natasa returned the next year, they became a couple, and her departure at the end of that summer was painful.

Within nine months, Natasa had mapped out a different future for herself. She would leave school—she was in her final year of an international relations degree at the University of Toronto—and move to Greece to be with Nassos. It sounded crazy, even to her, but it felt right. Natasa expected her parents to lock her in her room; instead, her mother said, “If this is what's going to make you happy, go and try it.” Two weeks after that, she was on a plane back to the island.

Twenty-one years later, the couple and their two sons were climbing aboard an Anek Lines ferry bound



En route to Italy in December 2014, the Norman Atlantic went up in flames.

for Italy, just after midnight. The crossing was familiar—the Tsonases make the trip each year to meet with suppliers or pick up inventory for the leather-clothing store they co-own. They had sprung for the pricier of the two ship lines that travel from Corfu, spending 800 euros for a family cabin and to store their car below deck, but were switched to the *Norman Atlantic*, a lesser vessel.

The Tsonases had planned the trip after much consideration. The previous month, at home on Corfu, Natasa's best friend had died of cancer. Mourning the loss, Natasa and Nassos hadn't made any plans for their boys' Christmas vacation. In the past, they'd used those two weeks to take holidays abroad, but this year they couldn't muster the energy to plan an elaborate trip. Still, as the break drew closer, the idea of getting

away had seemed more enticing. Nassos had suggested travelling to Baden-Baden, in Germany, where they'd be able to swim in hot springs and relax at a spa. So they'd take the ferry to Ancona and from there, fly to Baden-Baden.

Shortly after boarding, the group tucked in for the night. Four hours later, at 5:30 a.m., Nassos and Natasa were awoken by a vague announcement over the ship's speakers. When Nassos stepped into the hallway to see what was going on, fellow passengers alerted him to the fire. He rushed back to tell his wife. "Natasa, we're going outside," he said. She brushed it off: "If it was anything serious, we would have been told." But Nassos insisted, so Natasa woke up their sons. At the last minute, she decided to grab her purse. "If Mom's going to save anything, it's

going to be her cigarettes," Sempastian joked. It was also where she kept the family's passports.

The smell of smoke filled the corridor outside their cabin, and the family was swept up in the melee—hundreds of people were moving toward the ferry's upper deck. "Let's go to the top of the ship, so at least if it goes down, we'll be able to swim," Nassos said.



THE LIFEBOAT WAS
MEANT TO BE THEIR
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BUT THEY WEREN'T
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IT OUT ALIVE.

It was then that the severity of their situation finally registered: they were on a boat in the middle of a wild sea in the dead of night, and that boat was on fire. "I'm calling my parents," Nassos said to his wife. "You're going to make them sick," Natasa replied. Her husband looked at her. "It might be the last phone call I ever make." Their sons, wide-eyed and tearful, overheard his quiet words. "Mom, what can we do?" Dimitri asked softly. Pray, she said, reminding them of Saint Spyridon, the patron saint of Corfu and performer of miracles. Natasa and

Nassos pulled their sons into a hug and told them they loved them.

From where they stood, the Tsonases could see a single lifeboat and a long line of passengers waiting to jump on board. Natasa watched, horrified, as a woman ran for the boat, lost her footing and plummeted off the edge, into the churning sea. Suddenly, flames shot up through two holes in the top deck. The queue scattered and more than 50 people broke away, running from the fire and straight toward them. "We're going to get trampled!" Natasa screamed. "Move back!"

Once the horde had passed, Nassos saw an opening. He grabbed his wife and sons, pulled them through the flames and sent them over the railing onto the small orange lifeboat—their one shot at getting off the ship. Minutes later, the vessel was full and heading into the water to fend for itself. The family had put their lives in the hands of strangers whose faces they couldn't even make out in the darkness.

NATASA LIFTED HER HEAD from between her knees and wiped her mouth. The lifeboat bucked, sending a violent jolt through the people who sat hip to hip on its metal benches. Partially sheltered by a plastic cover from the furious swells, passengers threw up as the boat lurched through the night.

It was still so dark that Natasa couldn't see past Sempastian, huddled across the aisle less than a metre away. She was wedged in between Nassos and Dimitri, vomit puddled around their feet. No one spoke.

The sky began to brighten shortly after 7 a.m., an hour or so after the lifeboat had been lowered into the water. For two more hours, the small craft rose and fell, jerking so wildly that Natasa felt like she was on a roller coaster without a restraining device—but with both a stomach flu and a hangover, multiplied by 100. Her legs soon became webbed with cuts from banging against the benches. Lightning cracked and water sloshed around, soaking the travellers. This was meant to be their route to safety, but in that moment, they weren't sure they would make it off the sea alive.

"There's a boat! We're going to be saved!" a fellow passenger yelled at around 9:30 a.m. Natasa looked around, taking note of a bearded Georgian priest sitting near her family. The lifeboat soon knocked against the side of the *Spirit of Piraeus*, a freight ship from Singapore that had answered the *Norman Atlantic's* distress call.

Within minutes, men aboard the freighter tossed down spools of thick black rope to the lifeboat below, where crew members and passengers used the cords to secure their craft to

the cargo ship. After the vessels were tied together, the *Piraeus* dropped a long, narrow rope ladder. A few men had begun the slow haul up, swinging precariously in the wind, when the lines tying the lifeboat to its rescuer snapped, sending the smaller craft further back into the waves and perilously close to the ship's propeller.



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Once the boat was resecured with new ropes, it was the Tsonases' turn. Natasa knew she had to send her sons up the ladder—to safety or to die. Dimitri would go first, in case one of his parents needed to assist him. As Natasa watched Dimitri climb the ladder, one slippery rung at a time, she thought, for the first time, that maybe they were at the end of their ordeal. The teenager made the climb, a three-minute feat that, for his parents, felt like forever. Natasa followed, and then Sempastian. For Nassos, watching his younger son ascend was agonizing. "If he didn't succeed, I was ready to jump after him, to do whatever I could." Not long



The Tsonases, on the freighter that eventually carried them to safety.

after Sempastian reached the top, the ropes snapped again, separating Nassos from his family for the half-hour it took the crew to reattach the lines. He eventually scaled the ladder and joined Natasa and their sons. In all, 49 passengers made it onto the freighter.

In a cabin on the *Spirit of Piraeus*, the Tsonases stripped off their clothes and huddled together, wrapped only in hand towels and sheets for warmth. After the boys fell asleep, Natasa and Nassos went to find food, returning with bowls of rice. They waited for nearly 12 hours while the ship stayed in the ferry's vicinity, unable to leave while the SOS call was still out. Around midnight on December 29, a crew member arrived at their door: it was finally

time to go to shore. The Tsonases put their damp clothes back on and steadied themselves. It had been nearly 24 hours since they'd felt anything but sheer panic.

AS NATASA DESCENDED the final steps off the boat, now docked at the Italian city of Bari, she began to cry for the first time since leaving home. Thank God, she thought, shaking as she felt solid ground beneath her feet. A receiving line of emergency workers, vibrating with purpose, awaited the passengers filing off the ship. Nassos, Dimitri and Sempastian didn't need medical attention, but Natasa knew her legs—which were smeared with dried blood—would benefit from the care of an EMT. But hours before, she'd urinated on

herself, overwhelmed when her husband had completed the treacherous climb up the rope ladder, and she didn't want anyone to know.

That night, exhausted after hours spent providing statements to the police, Natasa and 30 or so survivors climbed aboard a bus to the airport. The Tsonases stayed overnight in Athens before returning to Corfu.

After Natasa and her family finally arrived home, she worried most about her sensitive eldest son, Dimitri. But it was Sempastian who was afraid to leave the house in the weeks that followed. He was terrified to go to school, to go anywhere. In February 2015, two months after the sinking of the *Norman Atlantic*, the family was booked on a ferry trip. But the night before they were to leave, Nassos panicked: the sky was an ominous grey and the water was rough. The family wasn't going anywhere.

The next month, Natasa, Nassos and their sons walked onto a ferry—Dimitri had to write exams in Ioannina, a city on the mainland. They sat white-knuckled as two hours ticked by. The voyage went smoothly.

As the months march forward, it gets a bit easier for the family to leave home. "I always thought travelling by ship was the safest way, but it's not that simple," says Natasa. "Someone told me ships aren't required to have enough places in a lifeboat for the number of passengers. If that's the case, I've been lying to myself all this time." As for Nassos, there's not a day that he doesn't think about that night.

It is estimated that up to 27 people died on December 28, 2014. Among them was Ilia Kartoza, the Georgian priest who had been sitting near the Tsonases on the lifeboat: he had slipped while climbing the ladder to the Spirit of Piraeus and had fallen to his death. More than 400 others were rescued in an international offshore operation that involved Italian and Greek ships and helicopters. While the official manifest listed 478 passengers, the prosecutor investigating the tragedy later said it was possible nearly 500 people had been on board. At least 16 passengers remain missing, and the cause of the fire is still unknown. **R**



COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Until I feared I would lose it, I never loved to read.

One does not love breathing.

HARPER LEE



How **David Sedaris** walked past
Fitbit fascination into gadget-
induced exercise fanaticism

The Endless Steps

FROM *THE NEW YORKER*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ROUMIEU

I WAS AT AN Italian restaurant, listening as a woman named Lesley talked about her housekeeper, an immigrant who earlier that day had cleaned the bathroom countertops with a bottle of very expensive acne medication: "She's afraid of the vacuum cleaner and can't read or write a word of English, but other than that, she's marvellous," she said as our antipasto plate arrived.

Lesley pushed back her shirt sleeve, and as she reached for an olive, I noticed a rubber bracelet on her left wrist. "Is that a watch?" I asked.

"No," she told me. "It's a Fitbit. You sync it with your computer, and it tracks your physical activity."

I leaned closer, and as she tapped the thickest part of it, a number of glowing dots rose to the surface and danced back and forth. "It's like a pedometer," she continued. "But updated, and better. The goal is to take 10,000 steps a day, and once you do, it vibrates."

I forked some salami into my mouth. "Hard?"

"No," she said. "It's just a tingle."

A few weeks later, I bought a Fitbit of my own and discovered what she was talking about. Ten thousand steps, I learned, amounts to a little more than 6.5 kilometres for someone my size—five feet five inches. It sounds like a lot, but you can cover that distance in the course of an average day without even trying, especially if you have stairs in your house and a steady flow of people who regularly knock, wanting you to

accept a package or give them directions or just listen patiently as they talk about birds, which happens from time to time when I'm home.

I was travelling when I got my Fitbit, and because the tingle feels so good, not just as a sensation but also as a mark of accomplishment, I began pacing the airport rather than doing what I normally do, which is sit in the waiting area, wondering which of the many people around me will die first and of what. I also started taking the stairs instead of the escalator and avoiding the moving sidewalk.

"Every little bit helps," my old friend Dawn, who frequently eats lunch while hula hooping, said. She has a Fitbit, as well, and swears by it. To people like Dawn and me, who are obsessive to begin with, the Fitbit is a digital trainer, perpetually egging us on. During the first few weeks I had it, I'd return to my hotel at the end of the day, and when I discovered I'd taken a total of, say, 12,000 steps, I'd go out for another 3,000.

"But why?" my partner, Hugh, asked when I told him about it. "Why isn't 12,000 enough?"

“Because,” I told him, “my Fitbit thinks I can do better.”

Fitbit also helps satisfy my insane need for order. I’ve been cleaning the roads in my area for three years now, but before the Fitbit, I did it primarily on my bike and with my bare hands. That was fairly effective, but I wound up missing a lot. On foot, nothing escapes my attention: a potato chip bag stuffed into the hollow of a tree, an

elderly mitten caught in the embrace of a blackberry bush, a mud-coated matchbook at the bottom of a ditch. You can tell where my territory ends and the rest of the nation begins.

Since getting my Fitbit, I’ve seen all kinds of things I wouldn’t normally have come across. Once, it was a toffee-coloured cow with two feet sticking out of her. I

was rambling that afternoon with my friend Maja, and as she ran to inform the farmer, I marched in place, envious of the extra steps she was getting in. Given all the time I’ve spent in the country, you’d think I might have seen a calf being born, but this was a first for me. The biggest surprise was how unfazed the expectant mother was. For a while, she lay flat on the grass, panting. Then she got up and began grazing, still with those feet sticking out.

“Really?” I said to her. “You can’t go five minutes without eating?”

Around her were other cows, all of which seemed blind to her condition.

“Do you think she knows there’s a baby at the end of this?” I asked Maja after she’d returned. “A woman is told what’s going to happen in the delivery room, but how does an animal interpret this pain?”

I thought of the first time I had a

kidney stone. That was in New York in 1991, back when I had no money or health insurance. All I knew was that I was hurting and couldn’t afford to do anything about it. The night was spent moaning, then I peed blood, followed by what looked like a piece of gravel from an aquarium.

What might I have thought if, after seven

hours of unrelenting agony, a creature the size of a full-grown cougar emerged, inch by inch, and started hassling me for food? Was that what the cow was going through? Did she think she was dying or had instinct somehow prepared her for this?

When I returned to the field several weeks later, I saw mother and child standing side by side, not in the loving way I had imagined but more like strangers waiting for the post office

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to open. Other animals I've seen on my walks are foxes and rabbits. I've stumbled upon deer, stoats, a hedgehog and more pheasants than I could possibly count.

Back when Maja and I saw the cow, I was averaging 25,000 steps, or around 17 kilometres, a day. Trousers that had grown too snug were suddenly loose again, and I noticed my face was looking a lot thinner. Then I upped it to 30,000 steps and started moving further afield in the English countryside. "We saw David in Arundel picking up a dead squirrel with his grabbers," the neighbours told Hugh. "We saw him outside Steyning rolling a tire down the side of the road"; "... in Pulborough dislodging a pair of Y-fronts from a tree branch."

Before the Fitbit, I was in for the evening after dinner. Now, though, as soon as I'm finished with the dishes, I walk to the pub and back, a distance of 3,895 steps. There are no street lights where we live, and the houses I pass at 11 p.m. are either dark or dimly lit. I often hear owls and the flapping of woodcocks disturbed by the beam of my flashlight.

I LOOK BACK ON the days I averaged only 30,000 steps and think, Honestly, how lazy can you get? Now I'm up to 60,000, which is 41 kilometres. Walking that distance at the age of 57, with completely flat feet while lugging a heavy bag of garbage, takes close to nine hours—a big block of time, but hardly wasted. I listen to audiobooks and podcasts. I talk to people. I learn

things: the fact, for example, that in the days of yore, peppercorns were sold individually, and, because they were so valuable, to guard against theft, the people who packed them had to have their pockets sewn shut.

At the end of my first 60,000-step day, I staggered home with my flashlight, knowing I'd advance to 65,000 and

there would be no end to it until my feet snap off at the ankles. Then it'll just be my jagged bones stabbing into the soft ground. Why is it some people can manage a thing like a Fitbit, while others go off the rails and allow it to rule, and perhaps even ruin, their lives?

While marching along the roadside, I often think of a TV show I watched a few years back—*Obsessed*,

“ ”

WHY IS IT SOME
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it was called. One of the episodes was devoted to a woman who owned two treadmills and walked like a hamster on a wheel from the moment she got up until she went to bed. Her family would eat dinner, and she'd observe them from her vantage point beside the table, panting as she asked her children about their day. I knew I was supposed to scoff at this woman, to be, at the very least, entertainingly disgusted, the way I am with the people on *Hoarders*, but instead I saw something of myself in her. Of course, she did her walking on a treadmill, where it served no greater purpose. So it's not like we're really that much alike. Is it?

In recognition of all the rubbish I've collected since getting my Fitbit, my local council named a garbage truck after me.

Then my Fitbit died. I was devastated when I tapped it and the little dots failed to appear. Yet I felt a great sense of freedom. It seemed my life was now my own again. But was it?



Walking 40 kilometres, or even running up the stairs and back, suddenly seemed pointless, since, without the steps being counted and registered, what use were they? I lasted five hours before I ordered a replacement, express delivery. It arrived the following afternoon, and my hands shook as I tore open the box. Ten minutes later, my new master strapped securely around my left wrist, I was out the door, racing, practically running, to make up for lost time. **R**



IT'S YOUR MOVE

Self-pity will fulfill all the prophecies it makes and leave only itself.

STEPHEN FRY

Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over
if you just sit there.

WILL ROGERS

@ Work



"Looks like we've been bumped from the financials to the obituaries."

IN PRAISE OF FOLLICLES

Haircuts are great because I did none of the work but get all the credit.

🐦 @LUDWIG

WEIRD HELP WANTED

Waitress wanted. Must be 18 years old with 20 years' experience.

Now hiring cashier. Cannot look like Skeletor character from *He-Man*.

Cab drivers wanted. Must have good driving and criminal record.

Piano player wanted. Must have knowledge of opening clams.

top5.com, kulfoto.com, uselesshumor.com

NORTHERN DISCOURSE

Scene: My client telling me what was required for a new project.

Client: "We want a total of eight languages—English, French, Spanish, Canadian..."

clientsfromhell.net

BITTER?

This sign was found posted at a bookstore that was going out of business: "Sorry, no public restroom. Try amazon.com."

Consumer Reports

Need some professional motivation? A work anecdote could get you a free year's subscription. See rd.ca/joke for details.

Frequent BATHROOM TRIPS?

Men Bell Prostate Ezee Flow Tea

Men have relief in 3-5 days from dribbling, burning and rushing to the toilet. Relaxes blood flow for better erections. **Helps also with male incontinence.**

Works in virtually every case. If you are considering surgery, try this tea first. Hundreds of delighted men testifying on our web site: **■ Had to get up every hour at night.** Now I get up once a night. *Joseph Whittaker, Sewell, NJ* **■ I cancelled my prostate**



#4a NPN 80051642

surgery. Get up once a night. I'm so happy not to have to face the torment of a prostate operation and possible incontinence and impotence. *Albert E. Blain, 74, Schumacher, ON* **■ Even after TURP prostate surgery** and microwave therapy had to get up many times. Now down to 1-2 times. Tea is 100% better than drugs. *Robert G. Stocker, Eustasis, FL* **■ After 1st year drinking tea** my PSA went down to 4.5; after 2nd year to 2.9; after 3rd year to 2.3. I highly recommend the tea. A real life saver. *Thomas M. Thurston, Forsyth, GA.*

Women Ask for #4b Bladder Control Tea for Women. **It seems so unbelievable, most women don't know there is a delicious tasting herbal tea available in all health food stores that stops incontinence, bladder infections,** UTIs within days and women keep on wearing costly pads and diapers. Try the tea. It is guaranteed. Go shopping and travelling again worry free. We have helped tens of thousands of women.

60 MORE NATURAL MEDICINES on the Bell website. All guaranteed to help.

Natural medicines are not altering the chemistry of our body and cause virtually no side effects



President's own story: 15 years ago I started to have arthritis, prostate, kidney, snoring and sleep apnea problems, which were all helped quickly with natural health products. I made it my life's purpose to help others. *Nick A. Jerch*

100% Truthful testimonials with full names and towns. Real people you can call, if you want more reassurance. No money is paid for testimonials. To ensure this product is right for you, always read labels and follow instructions.

ARTHRITIS

Helps to relieve joint pain associated with osteoarthritis. Guaranteed also for rheumatoid and sciatica, (My own affliction).

Truthful actual experiences from real people: **■ For 40 years I had injections and drugs and finally Bell Shark Cartilage** spared me the endless torture I suffered day and night. *Pat Laughlin, Coldwater, ON* **■ My hip is 95% pain free.** Pain killing drugs mask and Bell Shark Cartilage heals. *Rebecca Hite, Oroville, CA* **■ I tried another brand and pain came back.** 2 weeks on Bell and pain is gone again. *Gert Dupuis, Hamner, ON*

■ I suffered for years. I tried everything and finally after taking a specially processed shark cartilage I was pain free in 2 weeks. After this experience I realized I could help many of those 5 million Canadians that suffer every day and night and I started to sell this same type of shark cartilage and helped hundreds of thousands of men and women to have less pain or no pain at all. *Nick A. Jerch, President of Bell Lifestyle Products.* **■ Many people on our website write:** "Can walk again for hours"; "Can climb stairs without hanging on to railing"; "First time in 15 years can sleep at night" **Rheumatoid arthritis** in joints down 90%, same for my sister...hundreds of testimonials all with full names and towns. Shark bones/cartilage was a previously thrown away by-product of the food industry. No sharks are caught for their cartilage. Don't let any activist confuse you.



#1 NPN 80042283



Try your local health food stores first. If they don't have it and don't want to order it for you, order on our website or call us with Visa or Mastercard. S & H \$9.95. No S & H if 3 bottles are ordered. Also available in pharmacies.

1-800-333-7995 www.BellLifestyle.ca



MARKIAN LOZOWCHUK

Police have interrogated Toronto writer **Desmond Cole** more than 50 times—
all because of the colour of his skin

RACE UNDER FIRE

FROM *TORONTO LIFE*

The summer I was nine, my teenage cousin Sana came from England to visit my family in Oshawa, Ont. He was tall, handsome and obnoxious, the kind of guy who could palm a basketball like Michael Jordan. I was his shadow during his stay, totally in awe of his confidence.

One day, we took a road trip to Niagara Falls. Just past St. Catharines, Sana tossed a dirty tissue out the window. Within seconds, we heard a siren. A hush came over the car as a police officer strode up and asked my dad if he knew why we'd been stopped. "Yes," my father answered, his voice shaky. My dad isn't a big man, but he always cut an imposing figure in our household. This was the first time I realized he could be afraid of something.

"He's going to pick it up right now," he assured the officer, as Sana exited the vehicle. The cop seemed casually uninterested, but everyone in the car thrummed with tension. After Sana returned, the officer let us go. When we drove off, my father finally exploded. "You realize everyone in this car is black, right?" he thundered at Sana. "Yes, Uncle," Sana whispered, his head lowered. That afternoon, my commanding father and cocky cousin had trembled in fear over a discarded Kleenex.

My parents immigrated to Canada from Sierra Leone in the mid-1970s.

I was born in Red Deer, Alta., and we moved to Oshawa soon after. Throughout my childhood, my parents were constantly lecturing me about respecting authority, working hard and preserving our family's good name. They made it clear that, although I was the same as my white peers, I would have to try harder and achieve more just to keep up. I wanted to ignore what they said about my race, mostly because it seemed too cruel to be true.

In high school, I graduated valedictorian of my class. In 2001, I earned admission to Queen's University in Kingston, Ont. I was enticed by the scenic campus—it looked exactly like the universities I'd seen in movies. When I told my older sister, who was studying sociology at Western University in London, Ont., she furrowed her brow. "It's so *white*," she bristled. That didn't matter much to me. I wasn't going to let my race dictate my future.

At Queen's, I was one of about 80 black undergrads out of 15,500. In second year, when I moved into the student village, I started noticing cops following me in my car. At first I thought I was being paranoid. I tried different routes, but no matter which one I took, there was usually a police cruiser in my rear-view mirror.

I had my first face-to-face interaction with the Kingston police a few months into second year, when I was walking my friend Sara, a white

woman, home after a party. An officer stopped us, then turned his back to me and addressed Sara directly. “Miss, do you need assistance?” he asked. Sara was stunned. “No,” she said twice—once to the officer and once to reassure herself that everything was all right. The fact that my mere presence could cause an armed stranger to feel threatened on Sara’s behalf shocked me at first, but shock quickly gave way to bitterness and anger.

The cops stopped me anywhere they saw me, particularly at night. Once, as I was walking through the

“There’s been some suspicious activity in the area,” he said, shrugging. Then he said I could go.

When I was 22, I moved to Toronto. There, I thought I could escape bigotry and profiling and just blend into the crowd. I saw diversity in the streets, in shops, on public transit. The idea that I might be singled out because of my race seemed ludicrous. My illusions were shattered immediately.

MY SKIN IS THE DEEP BROWN of a well-worn penny. My eyes are the same shade as my complexion, but



ON A GOOD DAY, I LIKE THE WAY I LOOK.
AT OTHER TIMES, WHEN PEOPLE POINT OUT
HOW DARK I AM, I WANT TO DISAPPEAR.

laneway behind my neighbourhood pizza parlour, two officers approached. “Don’t move,” I whispered to myself, struggling to stay calm. When they asked me for identification, I told them it was in my pocket before daring to reach for my wallet. If they thought I had a weapon, I was convinced that I’d end up being beaten, or worse. When one of them—a white man who didn’t look much older than me—returned my identification, I summoned the courage to ask why he was doing this.

they light up amber in the sun. On a good day, I like the way I look. At other times, particularly when people point out how dark I am, I want to disappear. When I walk down the street, I imagine that strangers view me with suspicion and fear. This phenomenon is what the African-American writer and activist W. E. B. Du Bois described as “double consciousness”: how blacks experience reality through their own eyes and through the eyes of a society that prejudices them.

Some view Toronto as a multi-cultural utopia where the colour of your skin has no bearing on your prospects. That kind of thinking is ridiculously naive in a city and country where racism contributes to a self-perpetuating cycle of criminalization and imprisonment. Areas where black people live are heavily policed in the name of crime prevention. We account for 9.3 per cent of Canadian prisoners, even though we only make up 2.9 per cent of the populace at large. Black people are also more frequently placed in maximum-security

demand identification and catalogue our race, height, weight and eye colour. The police have never provided any evidence to show how carding reduces or solves crime. They've also failed to justify carding's excessive focus on black men. The *Toronto Star* crunched the numbers and found that in 2013, up to 27 per cent of people carded were black. At that time, I was 17 times more likely than a white person to be carded in Toronto's downtown core.

In April of this year, the TPS revamped their carding policy,



WHEN I ARRIVED IN TORONTO IN 2004, I SIMPLY WANTED TO ESCAPE MY SUBURB AND THE BIGOTRY I'D FACED IN KINGSTON.

institutions, even if the justice system rates us as low-risk to reoffend: between 2009 and 2013, 15 per cent of black male inmates were assigned to maximum-security, compared to 10 per cent of inmates overall.

About a decade ago, the Toronto Police Service (TPS) established carding, a controversial practice that disproportionately targets young black men. According to police parlance, it's a voluntary interaction with people who are not suspected of a crime. Cops stop us on the street,

announcing that they'd rebranded the cards as "community engagement reports," implemented a plan for racial sensitivity training and eliminated carding quotas for officers. But when you look at the fine print, little has changed. Under their new procedures, police do not have to inform civilians that a carding interaction is voluntary, that they can walk away at any time or even why they are being stopped. Worst of all, the top-secret database where police have been storing this information will still be used.

Toronto mayor John Tory, who represents one vote on the seven-member Toronto Police Services Board, vowed in early June to fight for an end to police carding. Tory was a stubborn defender of the practice mere days before he reversed his position and came out against it. Those of us who want carding to end are looking for actions to back up the mayor's words.

I HAVE BEEN STOPPED, if not always carded, at least 50 times by the police in Toronto, Kingston and across southern Ontario. By now, at age 33, I expect it could happen in any neighbourhood, day or night, whether I am alone or with friends. These interactions don't scare me anymore. They make me angry.

When I arrived in Toronto in 2004, I simply wanted to escape my suburban hometown and the bigotry I'd faced in Kingston. For the first few months, I crashed at a friend's. I didn't have much money, so I spent a lot of time wandering downtown, marvelling at the diversity I saw. I was enjoying an anonymity I had never experienced. One night, I set out, journal in hand, to find somewhere to write. Less than a minute into my stroll, a police cruiser stopped me.



"How are you doing this evening?" one of the two officers asked from the car. "I'm okay," I replied, trying to stay calm. "What are you doing?" the officer continued. "Walking," I said. When he asked me if I lived around there, I replied that I didn't have to disclose that information. My mouth was dry and my heart was racing—I didn't usually refuse police requests during confrontations. "Could you tell me what street we're on right now?" the cop asked. I was quaking with rage. "Anyone can tell you that," I shot back, trying not to raise my voice. "There's a street sign right in front of you."

My parents would have been furious—they'd taught me to politely answer any questions I was asked. But I'd lost patience. I demanded to know why I was being stopped. "We've had some break and enters in this area recently," the officer replied. "Well, unless you think I'm the culprit, I have the right to walk in peace." The officer seemed taken aback. He quickly wished me good night, and they drove off. I was so shaken I could have sat down and cried, but I realized the street I was

table, to make sure no one accuses me of skipping out on the bill. If the cops approach, I immediately ask if I am being detained. My eyes follow every police car that passes me. It has become a matter of survival in a city where, despite all the talk of harmonious multiculturalism, I continue to stand out.

I WAS CARDED FOR the first time in 2007. I was walking my bike steps from my apartment when a police officer approached me. "It's illegal



I WOULD MUCH RATHER WRITE ABOUT SPORTS OR MUSIC THAN CARDING. BUT I TALK ABOUT RACE TO SURVIVE.

living on was no longer a safe place to stand at night.

I have come to accept that some people will respond to me with fear or suspicion, no matter how irrational it may seem. After years of needless scrutiny, I've developed habits to check my own behaviour. I no longer walk through upscale stores like Holt Renfrew because over-attentive employees usually tail me. If I'm paying cash at a restaurant, I will hand it to the server instead of leaving it on the

to ride your bike on the sidewalk," he said. "I know, officer, that's why I'm walking it," I replied. Then the cop asked me for ID. After sitting at the computer inside his car for a few minutes, the officer returned and said, "Okay, you're all set." I still don't know what he saw when he ran my name. Over the next seven years, I was carded at least a dozen times.

Another afternoon, as I smoked a cigarette outside a community centre in the city's west end, a policeman

sat in his car, glaring at me and scribbling notes. After five minutes, I walked over. “Is there a problem, officer?” I asked. The cop, a 30-something white guy, asked, “Oh, are you lost? You look like you’re lost.” His response was so ridiculous I almost laughed, but instead I just repeated that I was fine. After a brief pause, the officer replied, “Really? ‘Cause you seemed lost.” I had to remind myself that I wasn’t going crazy. Whether it was motivated by ignorance, training, police culture or something else, the officer’s behaviour sent a clear message: I didn’t belong.

WHEN I WAS A BOY in Oshawa, my parents always greeted black strangers we passed on the street. As an adult, I have taken up this ritual in Toronto—it’s an acknowledgement of a shared (if unwanted) experience.

After years of being stopped by police, I’ve started to internalize their scrutiny. I’ve doubted myself, wondered if I’ve done something to provoke them. It’s exhausting to have to justify your freedoms in a supposedly free society. I don’t talk about

race for attention or personal gain. I would much rather write about sports or theatre or music than carding and incarceration. But I talk about race to survive.

Last winter, I asked the cops if I could look at my file. I was furious when they told me the only way I could see that information was to submit a Freedom of Information (FOI) request. Each one can take months to process. One of my friends, a law student at Toronto’s Osgoode Hall, had his FOI request approved in March 2013, and he is still waiting on some information. When he saw his file, he learned that over the years cops had labelled him as “Jamaican,” “Brown East African” and “Black North African.” They said he was “not police-friendly,” and that he believed he was being racially profiled.

I have no idea what I’ll find in my file. All I can say for certain is that over the years, I’ve become known to police. That shorthand has always troubled me—too many black men are “known” through a foggy lens of suspicion we’ve done nothing to earn. Maybe if they really got to know us, they’d treat us differently. **R**



ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

For small creatures such as we, the vastness
is bearable only through love.

CARL SAGAN

Seven ways to boost your
well-being in the bedroom

MORE THAN A PLACE TO SLEEP

BY JACQUELYN MITCHARD

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY DANIEL VIOLA
FROM AARP THE MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM FROESE

COMMON SENSE DICTATES there are things you should avoid doing in the bedroom. Devouring takeout instead of eating a proper dinner, for example, or using the space as an office (with glowing computers and chiming phones), or watching a horror movie before trying to doze off.

While steering clear of these things may be best, the room where you sleep can serve as more than just a haven of intimacy and solace. It can also be the staging ground for effortless practices that help build a healthier, sweeter life. Here, seven ways to get a boost inside your bedroom.

Ich am
Frankfurt
im Land
- d'm.



STRETCH WHEN YOU WAKE

Start your day right by loosening up. Sleeping in one position all night can reduce circulation, which may cause aches, pains and kinks, especially as you age. Stretching—tailoring movements to target problem areas, such as the feet, legs or back—can get that blood moving and leave you feeling rejuvenated. But don't be too aggressive. "The less warmed up you are, the lighter the stretching has to be," says Toronto personal trainer Kathleen Trotter. And don't feel the need to complete a full yoga routine before breakfast. Two or three minutes is enough to make a difference. "Something is better than nothing," Trotter says. "Don't let the fear of not doing a perfect stretch stop you from doing any stretch."

STARE AT YOURSELF—NAKED

Most of us avoid gazing at our bare bodies no matter how fit we are. But taking a long look doesn't make you Narcissus—in fact, experts recommend it. Dr. Benjamin Barankin, the medical director of the Toronto Dermatology Centre, says that self-assessments, done once a month, can help us feel more comfortable in our skin and allow for the detection of potentially harmful moles, lesions and spots. "If they don't look like or act like your other spots," he says, "have your dermatologist or family doctor review them." But

don't let every new freckle or bump create panic. If the area isn't causing immediate distress and there's no personal or family history of skin cancer, wait a few weeks and see if it goes away, says Barankin.

DO YOUR DUSTING

Chores may be boring, but reducing the amount of dirt in your space can benefit your health in a big way. According to Dr. Darryl Zeldin, scientific director of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences in North Carolina, dust contains all sorts of allergens—from dust mites and mould to animal dander—which can trigger reactions. Endotoxin, a substance found in the cell walls of bacteria, also lives on particles in dust and can cause airway inflammation and heighten the risk of asthma, even in people who weren't previously susceptible to attacks. Zeldin recommends vacuuming at least once a week and getting rid of clutter. Investing in allergen-proof pillow and mattress covers also helps.

STAY ACTIVE, SEXUALLY

If you are having more sex, chances are you have a healthier heart. Scientists at New England Research Institutes followed 1,165 middle-aged men over approximately 16 years, quizzing them about their sex lives and monitoring their health. They discovered that those who had

sex once a month or less had more incidences of cardiovascular disease than those doing the deed at least twice each week. Keep it up, fellas.

CARVE OUT QUIET MOMENTS

To get quality sleep at night, try a bit of mindful meditation during the day and before dozing off. A 2015 study from two American universities split 49 people with poor sleep quality into two groups: one took a sleep education class, and the other completed a mindfulness awareness program that focused on contemplating in-the-moment thoughts, emotions and experiences rather than worrying about the past or future. The researchers found that, at the end of six weeks, the mindfulness group showed less insomnia, depression, anxiety and fatigue than their counterparts. Don't worry, sleep happy.

HEAD TO BED UNCLOTHED

According to Natasha Turner, a Toronto naturopathic doctor and the author of *The Supercharged Hormone Diet*, if you sleep in pyjamas, you are doing it wrong. Studies have found that clothing—specifically anything tight or warm—raises body temperature at night, resulting in lower levels of melatonin, which is essential for deep, recuperative sleep. “You want your body to work a little bit to regu-

late body temperature,” says Turner, noting that it is beneficial for the metabolism. Should you feel the need to wear something, make sure it is light, loose and covers a minimal amount of skin.

GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST

When we snooze soundly, our bodies experience a welcome dip in the stress hormone cortisol in the earlier stages of sleep, which affects how we process sugar, protein, fat, minerals and water. A lack of proper rest—less than seven to nine hours a night—can slow your metabolism, raising your appetite and making you liable to overindulge in the kinds of high-carb, high-fat foods that lead to belly fat, such as cake and ice cream. Both immediately and over time, sleep debt slows you down mentally. While some people may boast about how well they get by on very little shut-eye, Michael Breus, a clinical psychologist in Arizona who blogs and writes under the name The Sleep Doctor, warns against establishing such a deficit. Losing four hours of sleep each night for a week can have the same effect on our reaction time as having a blood-alcohol level of 0.05 per cent. Breus advises tightly wound adults to make sleep a “clean” ritual: turn off the TV and the computer at least an hour earlier to catch those too-precious Zs. **R**



During the Great Depression, one woman's generosity paid dividends

The **Effie** *Economy*

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

FROM 1947

ILLUSTRATION BY JENNY BONAR

“ANY APPLES TODAY?” a cheery voice asked at my studio window.
“Winesap, Wealthy, Northern Spy? Can’t you use a bushel?”

I stepped out into the haze of an October noon to take a look. At first glance, the woman seemed older than the world's aunt. Her face was wrinkled with twice my years (I was then an arrogant 26). But the most remarkable thing about her was the light that burned in her brown eyes.

I followed the woman to a small truck with "Euphemia's Apples" painted on its side. She plied me with samples, and I ended up buying a bushel of red-cheeked Wine-saps. On credit, of course. Cash was the one thing in the world I lacked just then. I had a wife, a baby, ambition—everything but money. "Pay me whenever you like," said Effie, climbing into her truck.

All pretense of payment was dropped during that desperate autumn while our funds, food and fuel ebbed to alarming lows. Effie stopped by frequently, always bearing some gift: a jug of maple syrup or a jar of peaches. She guessed that my work was not booming and could clearly see I was too young, too inexperienced, to make it boom. Well, there was nothing she could do about that. But she could do something about my woodpile—and she did. One day before Christmas, she rode up in her small truck. The back was covered with pine boughs, and under the holiday camouflage was a half cord of seasoned rock oak sawed into just the right lengths for my drum stove.

There were other generositys, always unobtrusive. Our baby was not doing well, so Effie financed my wife's trip from Woodstock, N.Y., to New York City for a medical consultation.

We were not the only recipients of her kindness. Effie's soul was a house of many mansions, jammed with people she had befriended. One day she read in the paper that a pregnant mother travelling from San Francisco had arrived penniless in New York only to learn that her husband had been killed in an accident. Effie cashed a \$500 bond and sent her the entire amount. A lifelong correspondence with an intelligent and grateful human being was Effie's recompense.

Effie was not a rich woman. Her income, derived from investments she had made while running an interior decorating shop in New York, had never exceeded \$200 a month. The 1929 crash reduced this to a pittance, which she eked out by peddling her apples. But even when her funds were lowest, she always managed to help someone less fortunate.

ONE OF EFFIE'S CARDINAL principles was never to lend money. She preferred to give it outright. Surprisingly often, the money came back. Many times I saw her come out of the post office waving a cheque. "Bread cast on the waters," she'd say triumphantly—adding, with a touch of rue at the wasteful years—"ever so long ago."

In dealing with sensitive customers like me, Effie tried to conceal her generosity under the guise of a business arrangement. For instance, her father, who had been a painter, had written his autobiography. In the trough of my worst financial crisis, Effie dug out the dusty manuscript and offered me a fee for editing it. Not until after her death did I learn that she had sold another bond to pay me for this job.

Effie's chief delight was conversation—or, rather, a kind of Scheherazade storytelling. I would sit enthralled while she depicted the lives and loves of people she had known in Paris, Rome or New York, furnishing her discourse with heroes, heroines and villains.

One day she told me her own story. At the age of 30, she had dared break the taboos of her day by having a secret love affair. Five years later, her lover died. The remainder of her life was spent “in unmourning remembrance” of her short-lived happiness. This memory gave Effie her special sympathy for young husbands, wives and lovers.

YEARS PASSED BEFORE I was able to return the money Effie had given me from time to time. She was ill then and had aged rapidly in recent months.

“Here, darling,” I said, “is the negotiable part of what I owe you.”

Tears were in her eyes as she handed back my cheque. “Don’t give it to me all at once,” she pleaded.

“Why not, Effie?”

Her face was very old, tired and beautiful as she said, “Give it back as I gave it to you—a little at a time.” I think she believed there was magic in the slow discharge of a love debt—some secret talisman that would shield her

against death until the account was closed.

The simple fact is, I never repaid the whole amount to Effie, for she died a few weeks later. At that time, it seemed my debt would forever go unsettled, but a curious thing began to happen.

Whenever I saw another person in financial straits, I was moved to help them—as Effie had helped me—by small outright gifts of money. I can’t afford to do this always, but in the 10 years since Effie’s death, I have indirectly repaid my debt to her a dozen times.

The oddest part of the whole affair is this: people I help often help others later on. By now, the few dollars Effie had given me have been multiplied a hundredfold. So the account can never be marked closed, for Effie’s love will go on compounding interest in hearts that have never known her. **R**

“

*Whenever I saw
another person in
financial straits,
I was moved to
help them.*

”

Life's Like That

FAIR WARNING



imgur.com

I LIKE MY MEN LIKE I LIKE MY...

Cheese: Sharp. Good with wine. Easily moulded.

Flights: Smooth. Minimal baggage. With an emergency exit plan.

Light bulbs: Efficient. Bright. On sale at Walgreens.

Thesaurus: Resourceful. Good with words. Magniloquent.

Wine: Perfectly aged. On a case-by-case basis. In the cellar.

Facebook timeline: Candid. Likeable. Without babies.

McSweeney's Internet Tendency

I RECENTLY VISITED a friend in hospice who knew his time was at hand. He had kept his morale and sense of humour right to the end. As I was getting ready to leave, I held his hand for a moment and thanked him for being a lifelong buddy. He smiled and said he would put in a “good word” for me. When I expressed my gratitude, he replied, “Don’t thank me yet. I don’t know who I’ll be talking to.”

DANIEL KLEIN, Gatineau, Que.

Are you ready to share your sense of humour? Send us an original joke! See page 9 or visit rd.ca/joke for details.

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How the creation of imitation
vanilla forever changed how we eat

Artificial Intelligence

BY MARK SCHATZKER FROM *THE DORITO EFFECT:
THE SURPRISING NEW TRUTH ABOUT FOOD AND FLAVOR*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOMINIQUE LAFOND

THE FOURTH TIME HANK KAESTNER visited Madagascar, he got stuck in an elevator. Kaestner always visited in spring; he always stayed at the Hilton; and over those four visits, the hotel elevator performed very much like the nation's economy. The first three times, it had run smoothly; now it was stuck. To lovers of milkshakes, chocolate, ice cream and cake frosting, this was grave news.

Kaestner was a spice buyer for McCormick & Company, a profession as glamorous as spying but with better food. One week he might fly to Brazil to buy a few tons of cloves; the next he'd go on an allspice expedition in the Mexican jungle and get swarmed by killer bees. He once held a private meeting with the king of Tonga. Kaestner loved his job for two reasons: he loved spices and he loved the amazing places they grew. And among all of those places, Madagascar was special because of what grew there: vanilla, which Kaestner calls "the most magical spice."

Now the island nation was in trouble. The problems started in February 1975, when the president of Madagascar was assassinated. Less than a year later, the country's new leader, a military man named Didier Ratsiraka, nationalized banks and industries and declared the country a Marxist republic. Within months, embassies were closed and tourism shrivelled. At the formerly luxe Hilton, there were burnt-out bulbs in the lobby and North Koreans, brought in to do security, walking the hallways.

Vanilla production was devastated. By 1979, Madagascar was exporting just over a quarter as much vanilla as it had in 1976. Back in his office at McCormick headquarters in Hunt Valley, Md., Kaestner received a package containing photos of a great swath of cured vanilla beans

being crushed by a steamroller. The government was destroying its buffer stock. It wanted the price to go even higher. It doubled.

This was distressing news for McCormick. Vanilla was a major profit centre. The company could make as much money off a few hundred tons of vanilla beans as it could from 10,000 tons of black pepper. Everyone loves vanilla. Nothing improves cake frosting or lifts French toast like a few dark drops of pure vanilla extract. It's flavouring royalty: better than caramel, better than almond and better than toffee.



WAS THERE
AN EASIER WAY
TO MAKE VANILLA?
THE ANSWER WAS
INGENIOUSLY SIMPLE:
FOOL PEOPLE.

Everything about vanilla extract was perfect except for one thing: the price. Even under non-Marxist republic conditions, the stuff was expensive. Making it requires cultivating vanilla orchids, pollinating the blossoms by hand, waiting for the beans to ripen, picking them at just the right time, boiling them in water, "sweating" them in hot chests or tanks, setting them out every morning to bake in the sun until

they're dried, then conditioning them in closed boxes for months.

At this point, the beans—which are now as moist as a raisin and as long and dark as a cigarillo—are shipped to Europe, then to New York and then to an extraction plant, where they're chopped into tiny pieces and alcohol is passed over them continuously in a process of steeping that can take more than a day. Finally, the brew is held for weeks so it can settle. It takes a year and a half to go from orchid blossom to extract, a single ounce of which costs as much as a shot of good single-malt whisky.

Now there was a dark cloud hanging over vanilla. Prices were going up. Supply was dwindling. A home gourmet or a high-end pastry chef might tolerate expensive extract, but McCormick had customers who produced ice cream, yogourt, beverages, chocolate and pastries and ordered vanilla extract by the gallon. What were they going to do?

In 1978, two years after Kaestner got trapped in that elevator, McCormick asked a question: is there an easier way to make vanilla? There was. And the answer, though spectacularly complex, was also ingeniously simple: fool people.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN years earlier, a German chemist at the Frederick William University (now the Humboldt University of Berlin) had

asked the same question. Wilhelm Haarmann possessed a strange interest in pine cones. He believed they were hiding a secret: the potential to produce an almost magical white powder that could make pastries, drinks and chocolate taste better.

The powder itself was no secret. It had been discovered years earlier by a Frenchman who had purified and filtered vanilla extract until he'd been left with a crystalline substance that smelled potently of vanilla. The new substance became known as vanillin (pronounced VAN-illin). But then, for nearly two decades, nothing. The mystery of vanilla was no longer a mystery, but no one could do much about it because vanillin could be made only from vanilla extract. And since vanilla extract was already expensive, vanillin was said to be worth more than its weight in gold.

Haarmann, however, knew something others didn't. Years earlier, in his hometown of Holzminden, a pharmacist had been experimenting with a substance he'd scraped from the inner bark of pine trees. He filtered, pressed, boiled down and purified the gooey material until he was left with crystals he described as "white, silky-sheened, very delicate." When the pharmacist squirted acid on these crystals, an extraordinary reaction took place. The air became perfumed with vanilla.

Was it possible to produce this precious and exotic substance from

something as ordinary as pine trees? Haarmann got his hands on the pharmacist's remaining stash of pine crystals and, in his laboratory, pulled off a chemistry miracle. He turned pine crystals into vanillin.



MUCH OF WHAT WE
THINK OF AS FLAVOUR
IS AROMA. THE NOSE'S
GREATEST TALENT IS
RECOGNIZING THE
VALUE OF FLAVOUR.

In 1875, after collecting 20 kilograms of pine cones in the Black Forest, Haarmann opened Haarmann's Vanillinfabrik. What had formerly been the exclusive domain of a tropical orchid was now being produced in a factory in Germany. Pine cones went in one end, and vanillin came out the other. Haarmann's company would eventually figure out how to make vanillin from clove oil, which was even cheaper, and would go on to manufacture a synthetic flavouring found in violets that is still used to create fruit flavours. His flavour business grew to be so successful that Holzminden became known as the City of Fragrances.

THAT PROBABLY SOUNDS ODD. A city that makes flavours becoming famous for fragrances. That's because

so much of what we think of as flavour is actually aroma—scent, bouquet, odour and so on. A great deal of what characterizes the food we love is no more substantial than perfume. And it is explained by a phenomenon known as “retronasal olfaction,” or back-of-the-nose smelling.

Retronasal olfaction happens when an aroma enters your nose not through your nostrils but through your throat. It is fundamentally different from nostril smelling, engaging other parts of the brain. Of all the senses, it is both the most intense and, curiously, the most unknown. Almost no one has any idea that the nose's greatest talent is appreciating flavour. (The people who come closest are wine aficionados.)

This is how it works: when you eat food, the combination of chewing and heat releases “volatile aromatic compounds”—wafting food vapours, basically, like the ones you see emanating from burbling pots and grilling steaks in vintage cartoons. As you eat, these aromatic gases float up or are exhaled into the nasal cavity (situated above the roof of your mouth), the ceiling of which is dappled with microscopic pouches that catch odours.

These pouches are so tiny that whole molecules don't fit inside them, only parts of molecules. When a receptor is “stimulated,” it sends a signal through the human body's most direct conduit of nerve fibre to the olfactory



bulb, an ancient-olive-shaped piece of the brain that hovers over the nasal cavity as though it, too, is trying to get in on the smelling action.

A single molecule can have lots of different parts and, therefore, stimulate many different receptors. A single receptor, similarly, can be stimulated, to varying degrees, by different kinds of molecules. There are around 400 kinds of smell receptors, but the combination of signals—each combination represents a different aroma—is, at present, incalculably huge. But we know this much: we are capable of distinguishing more than a trillion aromas.

The brain, fortunately, is expertly talented at cataloguing them. The aromatic compounds emanating from bacon, for example, trigger a combination of smell receptors that a person remembers as “bacon.” When that person walks into a diner at 9 a.m. and is struck by the scent wafting off of the sizzling flat-top grill, it sets off an experience that is as much analytical as it is emotional: “bacon.”

When it comes to sensing food aromas, the human tongue is as useful as the big toe. If you plug your nose and dump an ounce of vanillin on your tongue, you will taste only a very mild bitter flavour. It's not until you inhale through your mouth and then exhale through your nose and vanillin molecules reach the nasal cavity that the silky tropical scent tingles your brain.

The tongue is far from useless, however. It senses what are called the “basic tastes”: sweet, salty, sour, bitter and *umami* (savoury). Actually, it isn't just the tongue. There are taste receptors on the roof of your mouth and in your throat. Sweet things, like sugar, stimulate sweet taste receptors, which produce the universal pleasure known as sweetness. Acids stimulate sour receptors. And that's how it works for bitter, salty and umami.

The flavour industry has not forgotten about the tongue. The discovery of umami rivals vanillin for its influence on the food business. That happened in 1908, when a Japanese chemist named Kikunae Ikeda wondered what it was that gave *dashi* (a Japanese fish stock) an irresistible savoury quality. After manipulating seaweed through aqueous extraction, he discovered the fish stock's inner secret: a crystalline substance called glutamic acid. The next year, Ikeda began producing a commercial form of glutamic acid known as monosodium glutamate under the brand name Aji-nomoto. Today, Ajinomoto Group is the world's leading producer of MSG (not to mention a whole lot of seasonings), and it's worth more than the company Haarmann co-founded, which is now called Symrise.

It might be conceptually helpful to separate taste and aroma to understand how flavour works, but it is the combination of the two that we find

so stirring. Without the mouth, food is nothing more than a fleeting scent. And without the nose, it's dismally simple. When a person eats bacon, receptors in the mouth sense saltiness, sweetness and umami, while the nose senses its sweet, roasty, smoky, porky volatiles. In the mind, they combine to form a blend that is vivid and inseparable—and deeply pleasurable.

BY THE MID-'70S, the world was awash in Haarmann's wonder powder. Vanillin was cheap, it stored easily, and it didn't come from a politically unstable former French colony. Everything about vanillin was perfect except for one thing: quality.



THE REAL MONEY
WAS IN COMPLEXITY.
IN 1978, MCCORMICK
SET ITS SIGHTS ON
CREATING "COMPLEX"
FAKE VANILLA.

Vanillin may have been vanilla's biggest secret, but it was by no means its only secret. Vanilla contains hundreds of other aromatic compounds. Not a single one of these comes anywhere close to the dominance or likeability of vanillin, and some of them don't smell very vanilla-like on their own. These notes include "woody,"

"rummy," "smoky" and "watermelon." They are, nevertheless, essential to the experience of authentic vanilla. They give it what flavour scientists refer to as "depth," "structure," "body" and "dimension." On its own, vanillin is a blast of sweet cotton candy—fun but simple, a good-looking dim-wit.

By the late '70s, with Madagascar now in the business of destroying its own vanilla beans, vanillin, however simple, was starting to look like a pretty good option. For McCormick, the situation was bad. It wasn't much of a flavour company; it was mainly an herb and spice company, which it still is today. It dabbled here and there with chemical flavourings, but it was a pipsqueak compared to multinational flavour behemoths like Givaudan, Haarmann & Reimer and International Flavors & Fragrances, which could pump out huge quantities of vanillin.

Vanillin was a commodity. The real money was in true vanilla extract. The real money was in complexity. And that's what the company set out to achieve. In 1978, McCormick set its sights on "complex" fake vanilla.

The team featured a young food technologist named Marianne Gillette, who had a master's in nutrition from the University of California, Davis. In one room, Gillette assembled a "trained descriptive panel" of expert sniffers and tasters who specialized in identifying flavour notes in food. They sniffed and tasted pure



vanilla extract and scribbled down notes, which Gillette then took to a flavourist—a professional concocter of flavour chemicals—who pulled out bottles filled with the exact synthetic matches of “vanillin,” “woody” and “rummy” and blended them. A day later, the sensory panel would convene again. Gillette would have them compare the latest fake vanilla with pure extract, and the sensory panel would proceed to rip into it.



IT WOULD TAKE
JUST 96 GRAMS OF
RESINOUS TO GIVE
NIAGARA FALLS A
LEATHERY NOTE
FOR AN HOUR.

After two years, the flavourist’s artificial vanilla started smelling like a pretty good match for real vanilla, but something was missing. There was a gaping aromatic hole in the middle of fake vanilla. The professional sniffers called it “resinous.” Gillette came back to the flavourist and said, “There’s not enough resinous.” And here the flavourist drew a blank. There was no match in her arsenal of flavour chemicals. Just what the heck was “resinous,” anyway? The panel described it as “leathery.”

It was time for gas chromatography.

This ominous pair of words is the name of the technology that blew the flavour door off its hinges in the ’50s. Before gas chromatography, there was no good way to separate out, for example, the multitude of aromas in vanilla. Beyond vanillin and perhaps a few others, flavour scientists could only stare in wonder at a bottle of extract. With gas chromatography, you could put a drop of extract in a machine (a gas chromatograph), and over the next couple of hours, the individual compounds would come marching out the other end. The machine even produced a printout that displayed each chemical as a peak. A big peak meant there was a lot of that particular chemical, and a tiny peak meant there wasn’t much at all.

By the time of the resinous mystery, McCormick had already analyzed the bejesus out of vanilla and used the results to create a chemical “map” of the flavours inside. But the sensory panel’s resinous finding was a revelation, nonetheless. The map was incomplete. Somewhere in vanilla’s chromatogram, there was a small peak everyone had been missing.

This time, instead of scouring the printout for peaks, the flavourist pulled up a stool next to the gas chromatograph. As each compound came out the other end—woody, beeswax, rummy, smoky—she sniffed, careful not to burn her nose on the hot gas, hoping resinous would eventually

appear. For nearly an hour, there wasn't so much as a peep. Then, a fleeting, leathery wisp. Resinous. They checked the printout. The peak was so small it looked more like a valley.

But for resinous, the jig was up. A McCormick chemist named Patrick Hoffman cranked the sensitivity on the gas chromatograph way up and ran the vanilla profile over and over. He got different flavourists—some male, some female—to sniff the output. The suspect was apprehended. Once resinous had been captured in a bottle, McCormick identified its chemical makeup using a different technology called mass spectrometry, which deduces unknown substances by measuring, among other things, their mass-to-charge ratio, which includes the molecular weight. (It's like trying to figure out what's inside a mysterious suitcase by heaving it off of a hotel balcony.)

And boy, was resinous ever potent. According to Hoffman, who would go on to become McCormick's director of technical sciences and is now retired, it would take just 96 grams of resinous (close to 3.5 ounces) to give Niagara Falls a discernible leathery note for an hour.

It wasn't long before McCormick was in the resinous business. In 1982, four years after Gillette and her colleagues first set out to crack the

vanilla secret and six years after Hank Kaestner got stuck in that elevator, McCormick began selling Imitation Vanilla Flavor.

Whereas vanilla extract featured hundreds of compounds, Imitation Vanilla Flavor had around 30, and not one of them was made from vanilla beans. Vanilla had been chemically decapitated and its production outsourced from Madagascar to suburban Baltimore. Only the chemists knew about it. To a person licking an ice cream cone, it tasted exactly the same. According to Gillette and every member of her sensory panel, it was a "perfect match" to pure Madagascar vanilla extract. Industry agreed. Many customers switched to Imitation Vanilla Flavor and never switched back, even when the price of real vanilla came back down.

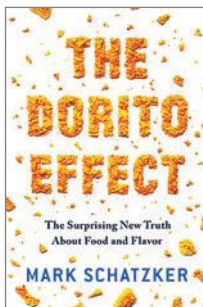
A century after Wilhelm Haarmann stepped into that German forest, a fantasy that began with pine cones was realized. Fake vanilla was cheap and available by the gallon—and it didn't taste fake anymore.

AND THAT, LADIES AND gentlemen, is how industry has accomplished what you might call the great flavour migration. One after another, humans have captured the chemicals that characterize foods like apples, cherries, carrots and beef and moved their

production from plants and animals to factories.

In 1965, there were fewer than 700 of these chemicals. Today, there are over 2,200. Recent additions are “mustard horseradish wasabi,” or 2-(methyl thio) ethyl acetate; “raw potato” (2-ethoxy-3-ethylpyrazine); and “balsamic” (Sclareol). But don’t think of it as a list. It’s more like a vocabulary, because these chemicals are mixed and blended in almost endless combinations to produce knock-offs that keep getting more complex, layered and convincing.

None of it would have happened without gas chromatography. The first commercial gas chromatograph unit went on sale in 1955, and soon delta-dodecalactone, which had been found in butter, was being added to margarine. A “green note” called leaf alcohol paved the way to better fake strawberry, a flavour that got even more convincing in 1964 with the addition of a sweet-smelling substance called Furaneol. That same year, nootkatone



Reader's
digest
**EDITORS'
CHOICE**

was discovered in grapefruit, and by 1970 the Coca-Cola Company was adding the compound to Fresca.

The age of human-made flavour had dawned. It was now possible to fool people into experiencing mintiness without a single leaf of mint. You could create the vivid sensation of passion fruit with just a few drops of liquid. In 1986, the chemical secret of hazelnuts was out of the bag, and five years after

that, white truffles lost their historic monopoly on 2,4,6-trithiaheptane (the “vanillin” of northern Italy’s rarest and most expensive ingredient).

For thousands of years, the flavour of orange could be experienced only via the seasonal, perishable spheres of fibre, juice, vitamins, minerals and antioxidants called oranges. Now you could order “orange” by phone and add it to soft drinks, Popsicles, yogourt or gum. Name any food—raspberries, chicken, pineapples, tomatoes, blueberries, even tacos—and there were chemicals that imitated it. **R**

*
* *

GRIN AND SHARE IT

The smile is the shortest distance between two people.

VICTOR BORGE

Peanut butter and jelly

Summer and baseball

Batman and Robin

Canada Day and fireworks

Reader's Digest and Sweepstakes

Things that are always
better together.

Reader's
digest

To find out more, please visit us at
readersdigest.ca/sweeps

GET SMART!

13 Things You Should Know About Confidence

BY ERICA LENTI

1 If you boost your self-assurance, you'll accomplish more, says Stanford University professor Albert Bandura. Confident individuals, he explains, view difficult tasks "as challenges to be mastered, rather than as threats to be avoided."

2 To help achieve this mindset, Bandura recommends putting yourself in a good mood: stress and

bad vibes result in what is called "negative self-efficacy."

3 A fear of failure can increase your self-doubt. Louisa Jewell, the president of the Canadian Positive Psychology Association, says the best way to ramp up your confidence levels is to do the thing at which you're afraid of failing. That way, it becomes less daunting. ➤



4 Some people are wary of success—with achievement come unknowns. To counteract this, Jewell suggests focusing on the tangible and visualizing success and its upsides.

5 Compassion is a necessary pillar of self-esteem, Jewell says. Make sure you cut yourself some slack in the event that you make mistakes, and remember that setbacks are part of being human.

6 Women are more likely to lack confidence. A 2012 Norwegian study measured how well university students predicted they would do on an exam: 37 per cent of women underestimated their scores, as opposed to only 15 per cent of men.

7 Bruce Hunt, a Toronto public-speaking expert who teaches confidence, says a supportive social circle can provide the positive reinforcement integral to building self-esteem. In short, make—and keep—nice friends.

8 Consider finding role models who share your gender, age, race or professional background. Being able to see those mentors “do what we want to do makes us think maybe we can achieve it, too,” Jewell explains.

9 In certain situations, knowing what others expect can boost confidence, says Hunt. So don’t be afraid to ask your boss or your colleagues what you should be aiming for to achieve your goal.

10 Take it one step at a time and create deadlines to reach personal milestones. If, for instance, you are trying to become a poised public speaker, gradually address larger groups for longer periods over time.

11 If you needed another excuse to haul yourself to the gym, a 2013 article in the *Journal of Physical Activity and Health* described how being active can increase self-esteem levels and lead to more ease in relating to peers.

12 It’s okay to be cocky. A collection of studies in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* found subjects who were overly confident in their abilities to complete tasks were more respected and more likely to be perceived as competent.

13 But be careful not to tip over into self-satisfaction. The upside of a mild lack of confidence is that we keep pushing ourselves to improve, “to push the envelope,” says Jewell. **R**

That's Outrageous!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

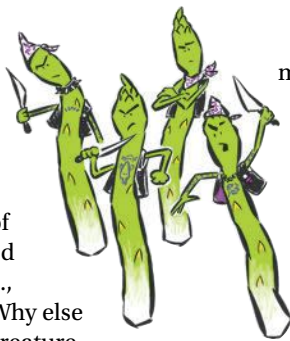
BY DANIEL VIOLA

A SENSATIONAL FLOP

Maybe it was the previous month's seismic activity; maybe it was the imminent full moon. But Matt LeDoux, president of Fishermen's Wharf seafood market in Charleston, Ore., credits plain old hunger. Why else would a harbour seal (a creature that sticks to the water and avoids humans) have heaved itself from the ocean in May and flopped into LeDoux's market? The animal initially pawed at a bag on the floor but abandoned it when it realized the vessel contained none of the fresh salmon that scented the air. Then the seal—dubbed Flash by locals—retreated, empty-flipped. Asked why it didn't stick around for a meal, Flash glanced at a discarded coffee cup and said, "Ark ark ark ark."

LEGENDARY NOSTRILS

Nigel Pooley has a nose for cheese. The 69-year-old from the English town of Shepton Mallet is so attuned to the subtleties of fermented milk that his superiors at the cheese



maker Wyke Farms have insured his nose for £5 million. The investment was worth it.

Pooley has been grading cheeses for 25 years—monitoring merchandise for defects throughout production and

saving huge quantities from being thrown out. To keep his palate unimpeachable, Pooley tests cheeses only in the morning and avoids spicy foods (steer clear of that pepper jack).

VEGETABLE PERIL

The small German town of Ludwigslust is not where one expects to find a gang armed with knives. So when police received a call in May reporting just that, 12 officers in six cars rushed to the scene. But instead of blade-wielding baddies, they found a group of asparagus harvesters, work tools in hand, on their break. Police inspection press officer Klaus Wiechmann says the situation was resolved quickly and peacefully; luckily, no asparagus spears were brandished.

MORE GREAT READS THIS MONTH

Rd.ca/September

FOOD

Perfect Preserves: 12 Steps for Canning Success



HEALTH

HOW WORRIED SHOULD WE BE ABOUT OUR CELLPHONES?

RD CLASSIC

Justice Delayed: Joseph Salvati spent 30 years behind bars after being sentenced to life in prison with no possibility of parole. He was innocent—and the FBI knew it all along.



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(JARS, CELLPHONE) ISTOCKPHOTO; (SALVATI) JASON GROW

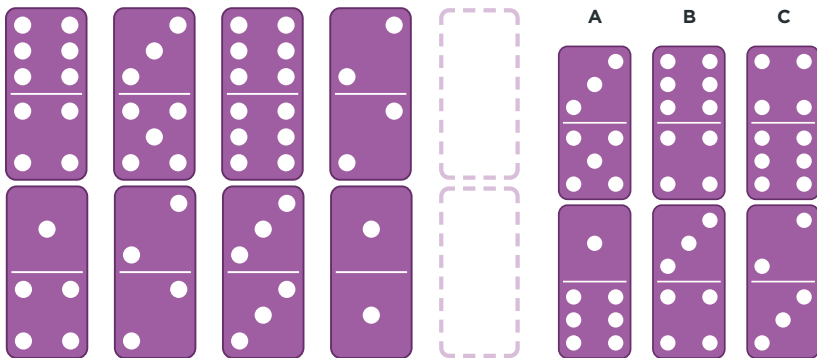
Brain teasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 132.

BY MARCEL DANESI

THE COMPLETE SET *(Moderately difficult)*

In each column there are two dominoes. Each of these pairs obeys a certain rule, so that together they make a set. Among the options below, which other pair of dominoes belongs to this set?



CRYPTIC EQUATIONS *(Moderately difficult)*

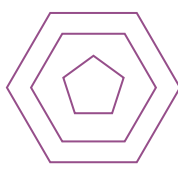
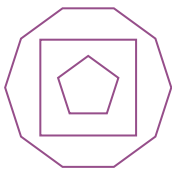
Each letter in these equations stands for one of the seven numbers listed below. No two letters have the same numeric value. Match each letter to a number to make the equations work.

2 4 5 6 7 8 11

$$\begin{array}{rcl}
 C + L & = & Z \\
 Z - H & = & E \\
 A \times H & = & Q \\
 Q \div A & = & H
 \end{array}$$

WHAT'S NEXT? *(Moderately difficult)*

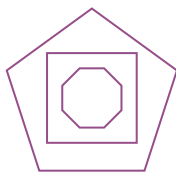
Which object comes next, logically, in the sequence?



A



B

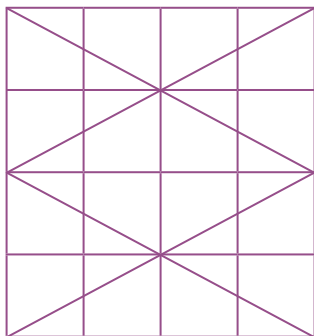


C



TRIANGLE HUNT *(Difficult)*

How many triangles can you find? Note that a triangle can be made up of smaller segments, including other triangles.



THE MISSING LINK *(Easy)*

What number is missing from the square?

2	3	5	2
1	0	2	9
6	3	?	0
3	6	2	1

Trivia Quiz

BY PAUL PAQUET

1. Who said in 2015 that he doesn't understand how he became linked to the phrase "Hey, girl"?

2. Four current NFL teams haven't been to the Super Bowl. But which one is from a city that has never hosted it, either?

3. Which is the only country to have produced nuclear weapons and then voluntarily dismantled them all?

4. Before he would agree to make *Rocky II*, producer Irwin Winkler forced his studio to back which other boxing movie?

5. What host city of the 1980 Summer Olympics refused to put on that year's Paralympics?

6. How many countries on Earth have a surface area larger than that of Pluto?

7. What Hollywood star was green-skinned in *Guardians of the Galaxy* and blue-skinned in *Avatar*?

8. Where in the Bible can one find the phrase, "God helps those who help themselves"?

9. "Obverse or reverse?" would technically be an accurate way to ask what common question?

10. What unusual service does McDonald's offer in Hong Kong?

11. Which war included such oddly named battles as Pork Chop Hill, Heartbreak Ridge and the Bowling Alley?

12. Do bees sleep?

13. What AMC series has a lead character likely named for Draper Daniels, inventor of the Marlboro Man?

14. What is ablutomania?



15. What Southeast Asian language has a "royal vocabulary" used solely to speak with and about the monarchy?

ANSWERS: 1. Ryan Gosling. 2. The Cleveland Browns. 3. South Africa. 4. *Raging Bull*. 5. Moscow. 6. One (Russia). 7. Zoe Saldana. 8. Nowhere. 9. "Heads or tails?" 10. Weddings. 11. The Korean War. 12. Yes, despite a myth to the contrary. 13. *Mad Men*. 14. An obsession with cleanliness. 15. Thai.

Sudoku

BY MARCEL DANESI

		9	8	7			4	
				2				5
2				5		8	1	
3				4	1		8	
		1					3	7
9			3			2		
1		5						
	9		5					
8		2				5	7	

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

6	7	5	4	1	9	2	3	8
8	9	1	2	3	5	4	6	7
4	2	3	8	6	7	5	1	9
1	5	1	2	7	9	3	8	4
7	3	4	5	8	6	2	1	9
9	8	6	1	4	2	7	5	3
3	5	1	8	6	4	9	7	2
5	6	7	9	3	1	2	8	4
2	4	3	6	5	8	7	9	1

Brainteasers:

Answers

(from page 129)

THE COMPLETE SET

C. In each pair, if you add the dots in the bottom domino and then multiply this sum by two, you'll produce the total number of the dots in the top domino. For example, in the first pair, the bottom domino has five dots in total, and the top one has twice as many—that is, 10 dots.

CRYPTIC EQUATIONS

A=2 H=4 C=5 (or 6)
L=6 (or 5) E=7 Q=8 Z=11

WHAT'S NEXT?

A. The number of sides on the outer figure decreases by two with each step in the sequence: dodecagon, decagon, octagon, hexagon. The middle figure increases by one side each time: triangle, square, pentagon and so on. The innermost figure alternates between octagon and pentagon—or, if you prefer, it is an octagon when the middle figure has an odd number of sides and a pentagon when the middle figure has an even number of sides.

TRIANGLE HUNT

66

THE MISSING LINK

3. The numbers in each row and column add up to 12.



Word Power

*Whether you find it a pleasure or a chore, shopping is a fact of life.
See how many of this month's retail terms you've learned
while spending your dollars.*

BY CRYSTAL BELIVEAU

1. flog—A: act rudely toward a customer.
B: damage merchandise.
C: sell aggressively.

2. cosset—A: pamper.
B: make to order.
C: browse.

3. sundries—
A: contraband products.
B: miscellaneous items.
C: Styrofoam stuffing.

4. showrooming—
A: buying a product solely to impress your peers.
B: returning a product after using it.
C: examining a product in a store before buying it online.

5. pop-up—
A: door greeter.
B: store that opens temporarily.
C: daily markdown promotion.

6. shrinkage—
A: lost stock.
B: decline of customer base.
C: decrease in buying power due to inflation.

7. cupidity—
A: narcissism.
B: overspending.
C: greed.

8. catchpenny—
A: cashier's till.
B: intended for quick, cheap sales.
C: expensive purchase.

9. gleanings—
A: bargains.
B: advice from previous buyers.
C: items collected bit by bit.

10. popinjay—
A: chatty shopper.
B: person given to vain displays.
C: impatient patron.

11. appurtenances—
A: accessories.
B: clothing tags.
C: online sales.

12. float—A: cash to begin the sales day.
B: customer unlikely to buy anything.
C: legless mannequin.

13. upsell—A: place an item at eye level.
B: push a more expensive product.
C: auction above market price.

14. dicker—
A: buy in instalments.
B: window-shop.
C: negotiate.

15. sybaritic—
A: fond of luxury.
B: inclined to buy in quantity.
C: easily influenced by advertising.

Answers

1. flog—[C] sell aggressively; as, Apple unleashed an ad blitz to *flog* its new watch.

2. cosset—[A] pamper; as, The boutique's sales strategy was to *cosset* customers with attention and free samples.

3. sundries—[B] miscellaneous items; as, Layton came back from the corner store with pens, soap and other *sundries*.

4. showrooming—[C] examining a product in a store before buying it online; as, Before deciding which appliances to order, let's go *showrooming* at the Bay.

5. pop-up—[B] store that opens temporarily; as, Hurry to check out the new *pop-up* because you never know when it will close.

6. shrinkage—[A] lost stock; as, The local bookstore is in danger of shutting down due to too much *shrinkage* from shoplifting.

7. cupidity—[C] greed; as, Aleksandra's *cupidity* for shoes was insatiable.

8. catchpenny—[B] intended for quick, cheap sales; as, The *catchpenny* world of fast fashion creates new looks weekly.

9. gleanings—[C] items collected bit by bit; as, This weekend's estate-sale *gleanings* added up to a rocking chair and two side tables.

10. popinjay—[B] person given to vain displays; as, Check out that loud jacket Raj bought—he's turning into a real *popinjay*.

11. appurtenances—[A] accessories; as, The computer comes with *appurtenances*, namely a printer and mouse.

12. float—[A] cash to begin the sales day; as, The cashier's *float* was too small to give me change for my \$50 bill.

13. upsell—[B] push a more expensive product; as, When I took my watch in for repair, the salesperson tried to *upsell* me on a new model.

14. dicker—[C] negotiate; as, Want a good deal on a car? Take my husband. He loves to *dicker* over prices.

15. sybaritic—[A] fond of luxury; as, My ex's *sybaritic* lifestyle nearly bankrupted us.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

7-10: fair

11-12: good

13-15: excellent

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Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO



I'VE GOT TO DIE SOMEWHERE. WHERE BETTER THAN MARS? IT'D BE PRETTY COOL!

ELON MUSK



I prefer to be a villainess. There's something a bit more delicious about their wickedness.

RACHEL McADAMS



I have to listen to Michael Jackson's "Man in the Mirror" before every game. It started in college.

CHRISTINE SINCLAIR

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE IN YOUR BUSINESS, BUT IN MINE, IF YOU'RE NOT GETTING BETTER, YOU'RE GETTING PASSED.

MIKE BABCOCK

You always think you can guard your music, but there's so much pressure when you're trying to get famous. So you make sacrifices.

HAWKSLEY WORKMAN



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ANNE MURRAY

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